

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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CIVILISATION FACES BARBARISM

A TRAGIC DIARY HOW DEAD MEN TELL THEIR TALES

Two Heroes Who Drifted to
Death on the Ice

COURAGE AND CALAMITY OF THE ARCTIC

Scientists tell us that when we have possessed ourselves of the energy locked up in the atom we shall conquer climate and thaw the ice at the Poles. Till we do that men will still go North and South on brave ventures of uncalculating daring and buy immortality with their lives.

Here is the old story once again, the story of two quiet, rugged heroes who belonged to the scientific station of Quade Hook, Spitsbergen, and who, learning 18 months ago that a comrade was stricken with illness in Cross Bay, took their lives in their hands and set out in a little boat to row to him over the Is-fiord.

They were never seen again alive, but now their dead bodies have been discovered by a Norwegian patrol ship, sent North in connection with Amundsen's abandoned attempt to fly over the icy regions of the North Pole.

Caught in the Ice

Man proposes; God disposes. These two men were caught in the ice and carried far and fast away. Apparently they must have lost their boat, for their diary tells that they drifted for weeks on an ice-floe before landing at Kobberbugt, hundreds of miles north of their starting point.

The record shows that they managed to sustain life for several months in this awful waste. Where the writing ceases imagination fills in the sequel. We know that the two paid with their lives for their mission of charity. They died of cold and starvation, and their simple, unemotional recital forms one more pathetic chapter in the great volume of calamity in the North.

That little diary of implied but untold agony recalls the death of poor, brave Jorgen Bronlund, the Greenland Eskimo, last survivor of the Mylius-Erichsen expedition, which explored and mapped a great part of north-east Greenland from 1906 to 1908.

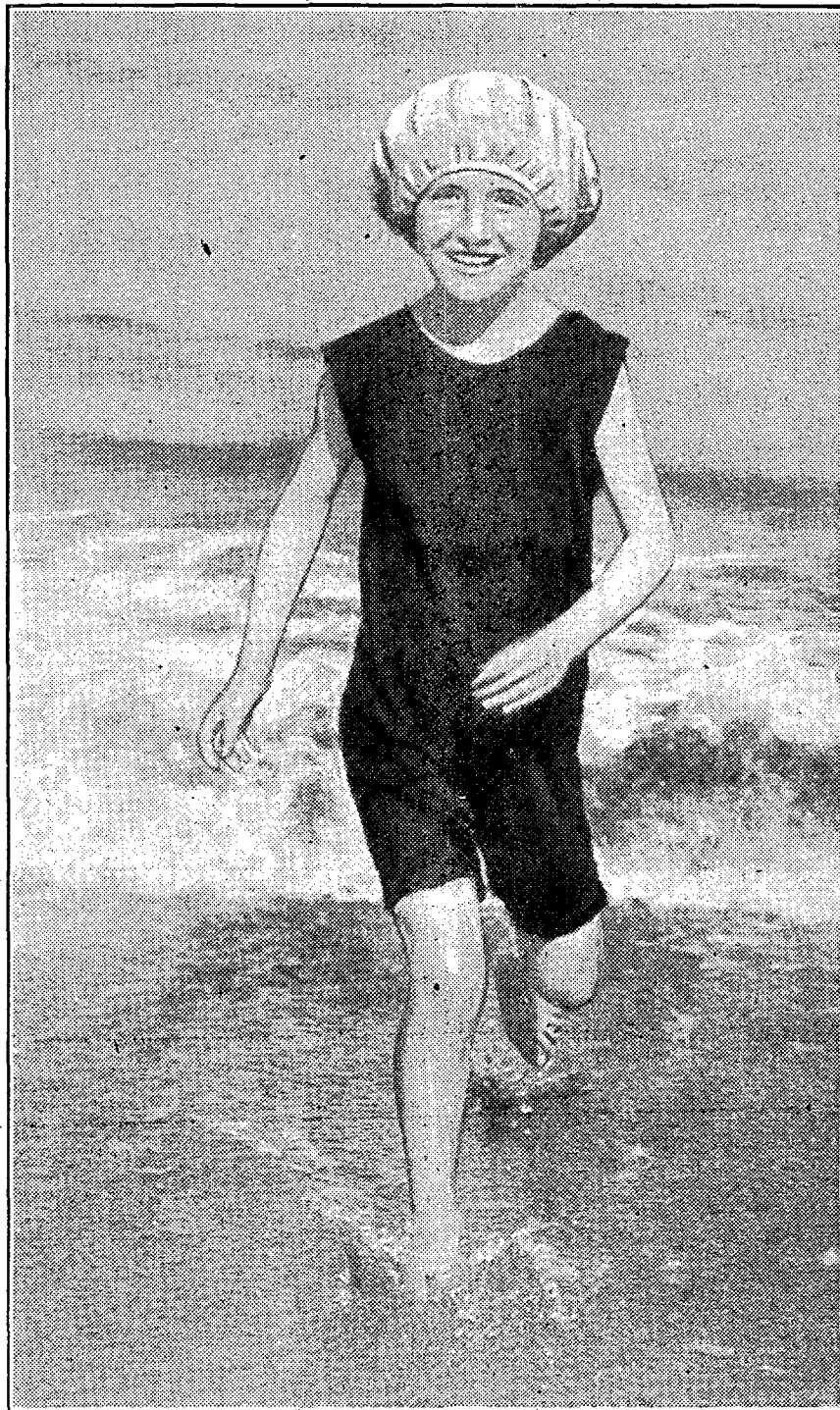
The Last Message

Unexpected warmth melted the shore ice and kept the two leaders and the Eskimo adrift on ice-floes off the coast, and wasted their food and time; and when their task was accomplished they were starving, far from supplies.

They still wrote their records and filled in their maps. But first one white man died, then the second, and only the Eskimo was left. He, alone and starving, struggled on, carrying the maps and keeping his own poor diary as far as his limited education permitted.

Alone through the bitter winter of darkness he toiled; then he, too, came

The Little Lady of the Sea



The annual migration from the cities to the sea has begun, and this little lady is delighted at once more being able to bathe and enjoy the stimulus that comes from battling with the surf

to the end of his endurance. So, wrapping up the cherished maps, he wrote a note of what had happened, and then lay down and died. A search party found him, too late, and his pathetic message. It was written in imperfect Danish, and read as follows:

"Perished, 79 Fiord, after attempting return over the inland ice, in November. I came here in waning Moon, and could not get farther for frost-bitten feet and darkness. The bodies of the others are in the middle of the fiord opposite the glacier, about 2½ leagues. Hagen died November 15 and Mylius about 10 days after.—JORGEN BRONLUND."

Not a whimper of complaint, not a sigh of self-pity. These men are as iron

in their tolerance and endurance of suffering as in their inflexible courage.

We can have no conception of what these explorers actually endure in 70 and more degrees of frost, foodless, without warmth, where tears freeze and seal the eyes, and beard and moustache become coated with ice and lock the chin to the upper jaw, where frost-bite destroys ears, fingers, toes, and the entire sole of the foot.

Yet the tale of endeavour, of triumph and defeat, of victory and death, continues with tearful glory, and will till man's indomitable heart fails. And that will never happen so long as ice lasts and mystery and unfathomed peril remain to taunt and challenge men.

TWO DOGS

TOM OF TORQUAY AND
BARRY OF THE ALPS

Dumb Companions Who will
be Remembered

MOUNTAIN DOG THAT SAVED
40 LIVES

It is surprising to find the death of a dog announced in the Personal Column of The Times, but the record of the animal seems to have been exceptional.

Here is the advertisement, published some weeks after the event:

Died on May 19 at Torquay, Tom, dear dog, a blue Dane. He saved the life of his owner twice during the war. He jumped over a high bank into a canal and saved a child without being told to do so. He was the noble, gentle companion and friend of his happy owner for nine years, and she mourns him.

Devotion to an animal's memory publicly expressed in this manner recalls the strange habits of the Egyptians, who embalmed their dead domestic pets.

Red Man and His Friend

This story will be carried by the C.N. into the far North-West of Canada, among other distant parts of the Empire, and there Red Indians, still remembering the beliefs of their fathers, will deem such a notice natural and fitting. For they, relying so much upon the skill and fidelity of their dogs, could imagine no paradise without their animals.

It is to this faith in a future shared with our faithful animal friends that Pope refers in his Essay on Man:

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind,
Thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Many touching little memorials to bygone humble friends adorn the old cemetery for dogs adjoining Hyde Park: but for pathetic austerity in epitaph there is none to compare with that inscribed upon a monument near the monastery of St. Bernard, in the Alps, to Barry, a splendid St. Bernard dog.

A Mystery of the Alps

Barry lived for ten years at the famous hospital-home up amid the snows, and in that time saved the lives of 40 people lost in the deadly, frigid mountains. One of his feats was to track out a ten-year-old child lying unconscious in a snowdrift.

The noble brute lay down by the child, warmed it with his own body, and roused it back to life by licking its hands and face. Then he crouched, and, by signs most eloquent, seemed to say, "Get on my back and be saved."

The child understood, mounted, and was carried in triumph by the loving giant to the security of the monastery.

Later he met his death mysteriously. Some wayfarer, it is thought, must have been alarmed by Barry and killed him.

The monument says briefly:

"Barry the heroic. Saved the lives of 40 persons, and was killed by the forty-first."

WRITINGS OF THE MEN OF OLD TREASURES OLDER THAN SHAKESPEARE

Bibles from the Golden Age of
the Monasteries

ARTISTS AND MANUSCRIPTS

It is said that the widespread use of the typewriter is killing penmanship.

If there is any truth in the charge, all those who can should take every opportunity of looking with loving awe upon the matchless manuscripts written by men of old—such manuscripts as were exhibited to the public recently by the Master of Corpus Christi College at Cambridge.

There we have a wealth of English writing produced between the seventh and fifteenth centuries, for a part of which period England was unexcelled throughout the world for the skill of her artist penmen.

The First Illuminators

These books and manuscripts are illuminated, a term more commonly used than understood. An illuminated book or manuscript is one whose pages are "lighted up" by the use of bright colours and gold. The employment of the rare metal is essential, or illuminated is a misapplied word.

It was thought for centuries that the process began in Christendom, for the adornment of written Bibles and religious works. But Egypt, as we are daily discovering, was before Western art in nearly every particular. Ages before the birth of Jesus they wrote their accounts of royal Egyptian funerals on papyrus with rich pigments lighted up with fluid gold. They were the first illuminators, not the Early Fathers of our Church.

But the art was carried to its greatest magnificence by our old monks, loving scholars who vowed their genius to the service of mankind without money and without price.

Writer Turns Navvy

All the great Bibles and manuscripts of the golden age of monasticism came from the monks. Each monastery had its great apartments for writing—sometimes places set apart in the cloisters, more generally a spacious room specially built for the work.

There the foremost men of learning assembled. Some might prepare the parchment, some rule the lines, others write the text, others do the pictures, or parts of them, while others, in turn, would fill in the decorated initials in colours, and a master hand would lay on the gold.

And often the monks who wrote the manuscripts would build the abbeys and cathedrals with their own hands. A lowly monk might be architect-in-chief, while the abbot would act as his navvy and labourer.

Building a Great Abbey

Herlwin, the first abbot of the Abbey of Bec, a man of illustrious birth and attainments, acted as a mason's labourer and carried stone and lime upon his back. Hugh of Selby, when he rebuilt the famous Selby Abbey, put off his cassock and donned his hodman's smock, and toiled with the navvies.

A man who illuminated a manuscript might be an artist in metal, an architect, goldsmith, bell-founder, musician, writer, or organ builder, without ceasing to be theologian, preacher, author of literature, as well as a bishop and the intimate friend and counsellor of the king. By the hands of such were these Cambridge manuscripts written and illuminated.

Thrilling Tale of the Sea IN AN OPEN BOAT ACROSS 2000 MILES How the Trevesa's Captain and Crew Fought Their Way to Safety After Being Lost for Three Weeks AMAZING ADVENTURE OF 34 MEN

No finer story of the sea has ever been told, in fact or fiction, than that of the foundered steamer *Trevesa*, and the arrival at the Island of Rodriguez, 22 days later, of the ship's lifeboat with 18 souls aboard, after all hope of their safety had been lost.

The world heard of the wreck by wireless. In the early morning of June 4, in the midst of a wild sea, the *Trevesa*, a vessel belonging to the same owners as the *Trevesa*, received a distress message that the sister ship, under Captain Foster, was "settling down by the head" 300 miles away, and that the crew were then taking to their boats. Taking to their boats on a stormy sea in the mid-Indian Ocean, nearly 1400 miles west of Australia, and 1700 miles from the nearest land toward which the winds were blowing and ocean currents were running! What a hopeless outlook!

Rescuers Too Late

At once the *Trevesa* changed her course toward the scene, but the storm was so heavy that six knots an hour was all the speed the vessel going to the rescue could make, and that on a long zigzag course. Broadcasting the alarm over the ocean, she plodded her way through the tempestuous sea, and so a third ship of the same company, the *Tregenna*, heard and responded to the call, and came up at a seven-knot speed. She, however, was 400 miles away from the foundered vessel.

What must the thoughts of the men on board these ships have been! They knew the *Trevesa* had gone down, for otherwise she would be wirelessing them still; and how could small boats hope to live in such a sea?

It was two days before these ships could thrust their way through the storm to the place where the 5000-ton *Trevesa* had gone down to her watery grave and left no trace behind. Five days later a third vessel, the *Moreton Bay*, reported having seen wreckage and one of the *Trevesa*'s boats floating bottom upwards. The gloom deepened.

A Vain Search

For a fortnight the two sister ships cruised, in continuously heavy weather, searching for boats that might have survived. At last they gave up hope and sent their final message: "Afraid further search useless. Not much hope finding *Trevesa*'s boats. Gale blowing." The ill-fated ship had been at the bottom of the ocean 17 days. The tragedy seemed complete.

But what was happening to the brave men who had taken to the boats on that monsoon-swept sea? It cannot be told better than in the simple, crisp, manly words of Captain Foster, so perfectly typical of the heroism of sea-going men:

At 2.15 a.m., on June 4, I abandoned ship. Perfect discipline prevailed, and all the crew were calm. The vessel foundered at 2.45 a.m. The two boats kept together all night and next day, awaiting assistance.

Boats Lose Each Other

As no help seemed to be coming, Captain Foster decided that they would help themselves, in spite of the storm, and run before the wind and current for Mauritius, which was over 1700 miles away.

It was like venturing half-way across the Atlantic in a rowing-boat with a temporary mast. But what else was there to do? Let imagination fill in the full meaning of the captain's record, remembering that at this time great ships were battling almost in vain with the tempestuous seas. Here is the captain's story of two small boats:

At 5 p.m. we set sail, but an hour later the step of the mast was carried away, and the chief officer's boat took us in tow. A heavy

sea was running and the tow-line was carried away at 10 p.m. We then lay to.

When daylight came the boats went on together, but lost each other in the darkness of the night. Finding that his boat was the faster sailer, Captain Foster decided to go on, reach the island of Rodriguez, where there is one of the mid-ocean stations of the cable between South Africa and Australia, and send assistance to the slower boat.

And so, on June 9, five days after the wreck, he passed out of sight of the other boat and, steering by the sun by day and the stars by night, reached his destination at 8 p.m. on July 26, 22 days and 18 hours after taking to the boats.

The Fine Tradition of the Sea

But what a journey it was for those 23 days, under a June sun on a tropical ocean. For the last eleven days, says the captain's record, "we encountered very heavy weather, the boat shipping much water. A lot of time was lost owing to being hove to and to accidents to the mast, the rudder, and other gear. Two native firemen died of exposure.

Can that be wondered at when we read this simple account of the journey?

Owing to the shortage of water only a third of a cigarette tin of it was issued daily. We collected water when rain fell. Our rations consisted of a lid of a cigarette tin of condensed milk twice daily, and one biscuit.

How could men come through such an ordeal safe and sane?—for their recovery was swift when they reached land. The answer is given in the captain's report: "Splendid discipline prevailed throughout." Yes, discipline, leadership, and the magnificent tradition of the sea for manly endurance and unquenchable hope.

Struggle with Wind and Water

The completion of this fine story of the sea came with a world-wide feeling of relief and a dramatic fitness when the second boat, under Chief Officer J. C. Stewart Smith, reached safely the island of Mauritius with 16 survivors, after twenty-five days' voyaging over a distance 250 miles longer than that traversed by the captain's boat.

First Officer Smith tells how they gallantly struggled along against high winds and squally weather after the boat's compass had been put out of action as she was launched, and the use of the sextant was almost impossible. The crew, especially Second Officer Hall and the boatswain Sumner, showed boundless resource and indomitable pluck, all doing their duty on half a biscuit and two tablespoonfuls of water each a day.

Discipline that Never Failed

Unhappily, four Englishmen died of exhaustion, and four Lascars perished through their inability to resist drinking the salt water. The last Indian had died, the last drop of water had been drunk, and the last biscuit eaten but an hour or two before the boat encountered two fishermen from Mauritius who piloted them through the reefs to the shore, where the survivors landed, dropping on their knees with a prayer of thanks to God, and then cries for water.

Of the 44 men on board when the *Trevesa* was wrenched open by the waves, 34 reached land after more than three weeks' exposure in open boats, battered by wind and wave, and grilled by the torrid sun, with only water enough to preserve them from madness, and food enough to just keep them from starvation, and the report from both boats was that discipline was unflinching.

The heroic fortitude of which men are capable when braced by discipline and hope has never been more finely displayed.

See World Map

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

The city of Vancouver has under construction a pier to cost a million pounds.

The Imperial Hall of the Emperors of China, in the Palace at Peking, has been destroyed by fire.

The chauffeurs of the city of New York have formed a society and have built a clubhouse costing nearly £100,000.

Steel Grand Stand

The huge new grand stands of the athletic stadium of Iowa University are of steel throughout, there being no wood whatever.

Two-Hundred-Foot Flames

An Alberta oil well recently caught fire and threw flames two hundred feet in the air. The fire burned furiously for forty hours.

Six Hundred Bunches of Grapes

The famous vine at Hampton Court, planted in 1768, has six hundred bunches of grapes this year. In its prime it used to bear two thousand.

France's Livestock Increasing

France now has one and a quarter million more cattle than in 1918, 1,120,000 more pigs, 900,000 more sheep, and 400,000 more horses.

Niagara Arithmetic

A scientist has calculated that it would take the Niagara River, flowing at its present rate, over a million years to fill the Pacific Ocean basin.

12,000 Miles Wireless

Holland has opened a new radio station at Kootwijk, powerful enough to permit communication with its East Indian colonies, 12,000 miles away.

The Bible Day by Day

Eighteen years ago an American newspaper started printing a chapter from the Bible every week. The Old Testament has just been completed.

The Enterprise of Canada

It is now possible to travel from Japan to England, about 10,000 miles, in twenty-one days, and never leave Canadian Pacific steamships or trains.

7000 Sacks of Flour an Hour

There are now 700 flour mills in Great Britain, capable of producing 7000 sacks of flour an hour. The consumption of the nation is 5500 sacks an hour.

Monster Camera

In a United States Government office at Washington is the world's largest camera. It weighs three tons, occupies two rooms, and will take a picture a yard square.

A Pipe for a Postman

Finding that the expense would be prohibitive if he transported them himself, a California contractor sent several lengths of concrete pipe to a difficult mountain point by parcel post.

Restoring the Victory

£69,000 has already been subscribed for the restoration of the *Victory*, and the work is now going on at Portsmouth. The ship is to be made to look as she was when Nelson was on board.

OSMAN DIGNA

Relics of His Wars at Hove

Our recent sketch of Osman Digna's wild career has brought us the information that Hove has in its Public Museum a fine collection of trophies taken when the old warrior suffered one of his severest defeats.

It was at Tokar that Sir Charles Halled-Smith, commanding an Anglo-Egyptian force of 2000, met the persistent Osman with 11,000 followers, and routed him.

The trophies include flags which belonged to the Mahdi, with inscriptions on them from the Koran; and a collection of swords, spears, chain armour, and Sudanese uniforms, and they were given to the museum by the victorious commander, who was Governor-General of the Red Sea coast before Lord Kitchener held that post.

THE SELENIUM EYE NOW USED FOR SORTING BEANS

The Eye that Sees the Bad Bean
and the Finger that Pushes it Off

A FARMER'S WONDERFUL INVENTION

The wonderful selenium eye, by means of which the blind may read and a boat without a pilot on board can be guided from the shore, is to be put to another remarkable use. It is to be used for picking out bad beans from good ones.

The number of beans produced in the United States is enormous. A rough estimate has declared that if the quantity for a single year were placed end to end the beans would make a chain nearly three million miles long, or more than ten times the distance between the Earth and the Moon. Yet the whole of this vast quantity has to be gone through carefully, and the bad ones picked out; that is, every tenth or twentieth bean has to be removed from the bulk.

The Farmer Gets to Work

If it were a question of sorting for size there would be no difficulty, for a machine can easily be made to do this; but the bad beans have to be picked out by sight, and so hitherto they have had to be sorted by hand.

But now a young farmer in Michigan has invented a machine in which the selenium eye does the work and acts in all but a human way.

The inventor's name is Ray McWilliams, and when he was face to face with the problem of sorting his beans he heard about the mineral selenium being sensitive to changes in light reflected upon it, resulting in a variation in its electrical conductivity.

He read up the subject and then, borrowing a selenium cell, tested it to see if it were affected by the darker colour or spottiness of the bad beans. The cell was not sufficiently sensitive to respond quickly to the light changes, but Mr. McWilliams was not to be beaten.

Beating the Human Worker

He continued to experiment, mastered the mysteries of the selenium cell, and at the end of a year made a cell himself that could detect the slightest changes in colour and was quick to respond.

Now he set to work to invent an apparatus that should, by making use of this exceptionally sensitive cell, pick out the bad beans and separate them from the good. For several years he worked on his idea, and at last he has made an apparatus that does the work efficiently—more efficiently, indeed, than a human being could.

The beans are placed in a trough at the top of the machine, and, being fed through a series of hoppers by means of small revolving wheels, they pass in a procession along a pair of rollers. Over the rollers is a selenium cell, so arranged that it can receive light only through a tube that is immediately above the passing procession of beans.

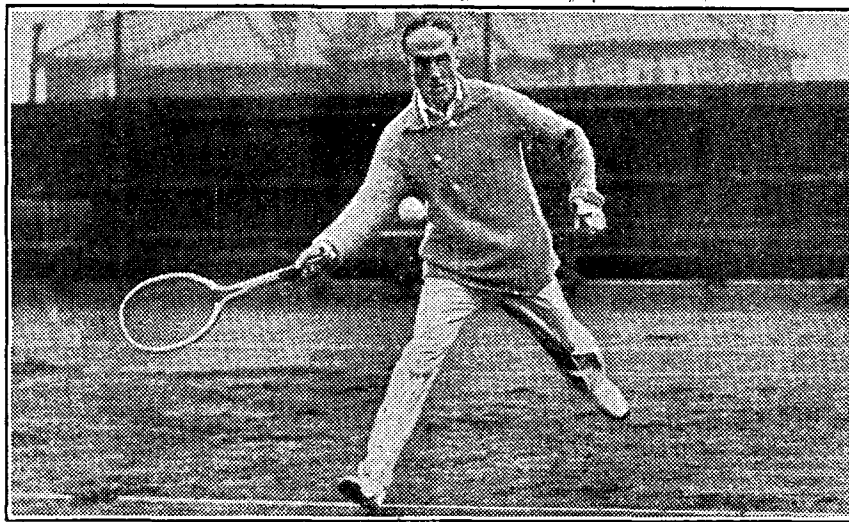
Machine that Never Fails

When a bad bean comes along the selenium reacts to the change in colour, and this, by affecting its electrical conductivity, works a magnet and raises a finger which pushes the bad bean from the rollers, so that it falls into a receptacle ready to receive it.

The selenium cell is connected with a pair of dry cells so as to form an electrical circuit to operate the magnet. The machine is about five feet high, and has a number of units similar to that described, so that more than a dozen pairs of rollers with selenium cells are working at one time.

Under the most exhaustive tests the machine has proved faultless, and even olives have been sorted by it into green, red, and dark purple. The selenium eye never fails to see the bad bean or the red or purple olive, and the finger never fails to push it off the rollers.

PARLIAMENT MEN IN PLAYTIME



Sir Samuel Hoare, the Air Minister, has a strenuous game of tennis



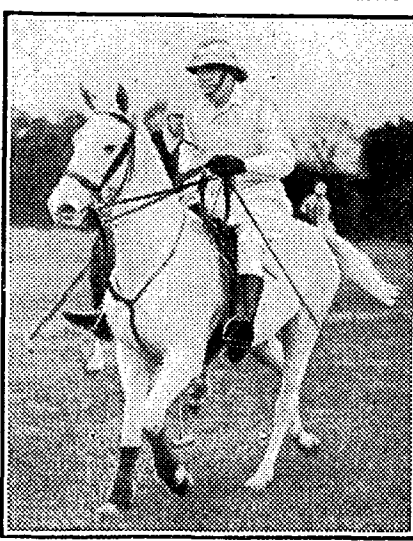
Mr. Lloyd George at the ninth tee at Cannes



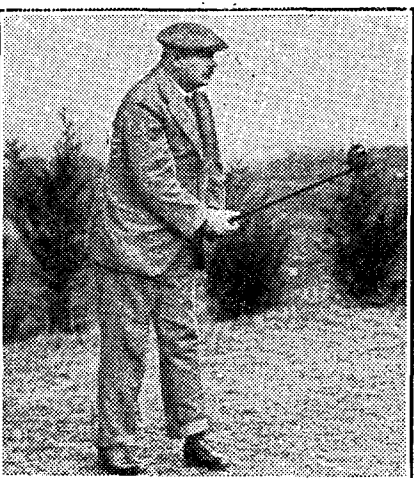
Mr. Bonar Law makes a back-hand drive



The Leader of the Opposition takes part in a tug-of-war



Mr. Winston Churchill enjoys an exciting game of polo



Lord Derby drives from the first tee at Cannes



Mr. Stanley Baldwin strolls round the garden with his wife

Most of our statesmen when off duty play at the games that Britons have made popular all over the world. Some, like Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Samuel Hoare, engage in strenuous sports like polo and tennis, while others are content with the quieter game of golf. The Prime Minister prefers to spend his very short leisure in the garden with his wife

GOOD AND BAD EFFECTS OF THE COLD

Green-flies Helped and House-flies Hindered

LADYBIRDS WAKE UP TOO LATE

The long spell of cold weather which we have experienced in Great Britain this spring has had some curious and contrary results.

While some of these results have been good, others have been very bad and we are both benefiting and suffering from the same cause.

There is a great plague of green-flies everywhere; and gardeners are at their wits' end to know how to get rid of the pests. The cold weather kept back the useful little beetles which we know as ladybirds, and prevented them coming out in time to eat up the green-flies before they had multiplied with their usual rapidity. It must be remembered that one female green-fly can in its short lifetime, if left undisturbed, become the ancestor of billions of green-flies, so prolific is it.

The evil effects of the cold weather in holding back the ladybirds till it was too late can therefore be seen by the masses of aphides on every leaf and sprig in the garden.

On the other hand, the cold weather did good in preventing the house-flies from breeding till very late in the season. It is said that they have never before been known to begin breeding so late in the year. In 1915 they did not appear till after the middle of May, but this year they have been even later.

The house-flies will have two months less than usual this year in which to multiply, so that we should have the very best of all shortages, a shortage of house-flies in the summer and autumn.

CAVE PICTURES

Vanishing Scenes of Life in India 1400 Years Ago

LONG PROCESSION OF ELEPHANTS

Very few people have heard of the tiger caves of Central India, which have for centuries been left to the wild animals, but a note comes to us that fine frescoes are perishing on the walls there.

This news having come to the ears of the art students of Santiniketan, in far-off Bengal—the well-loved home of the famous Indian poet Sir Rabindranath Tagore—one of the heads of the Art School there, Mr. A. K. Haldar, set out to examine them.

By great skill and perseverance he has reproduced some forty feet of the frescoes, which once adorned the length of the caves, but are now almost obliterated through long neglect. The roof of the cave has fallen in, and the debris covers the lower part of the pictures. Two hundred feet of a procession of huge elephant bearing holiday-makers to a festival can be traced, and they give us an idea of the dress of the period and the character of the people who lived about 1400 years ago, which is the date fixed by experts for the paintings.

Mr. Haldar expects to be in London very shortly, and it is possible he may exhibit some of his own pictures.

ELECTRIC TAXIS

Luxuries for New York

New York City is to have a fleet of electric taxi-cabs. In appearance these cabs will be very similar to the petrol vehicles, but will have a maximum speed of only 25 miles an hour.

Luxuriously appointed, they are specially designed for use in the theatre district, but if their popularity and economy are proved their use will doubtless become general.

SEEDS SOWN IN A TREE

LIFE SPRINGS UP AMID DECAY AND DEATH

Story of Six Green Shoots in a
Flower-pot

HOW A FOREST BEGINS

Six exquisite little shoots of green life are flourishing in a flower-pot of the size called a 48. Nobody but their owner would give a shilling for them—unless he knew their history; then perhaps he would give much more.

For there is as pretty a story behind these tiny plants as ever Hans Andersen wrote, a real romance of life and death, a story of decay and regeneration, and natural marvel.

Ten years ago a big Lombardy poplar had its crown sawn off, and some 12 feet of trunk remained. The tree threw up a number of new branches, of which the tallest this year gave the wounded giant a new height of 40 feet.

A Queer Discovery

Accident led to the discovery that the poplar was rotting at its shrub-hidden root. A chance investigation revealed a hole big enough for a badger's burrow. So, though the boughs were gay with leaves, and new branches were starting from parts of the trunk, skilled woodmen were summoned to fell the tree; lest it should crash and injure passers-by.

The men raised ladders and sawed away bough after bough, till at last they bared the place at which the trunk was originally severed.

"Hullo! What's this?" said the sawyer. "Why, the old tree, for all its young growth, is rotting at the top. It is hollow for a depth of three or four feet, and, well, I'm blessed if there isn't a little colony of trees growing inside it!"

He thrust down his arm as far as he could reach.

"It's a regular forest on a small scale," he added. "What can the new growths be?"

Carried by the Birds

Near by were two splendid mountain ashes, or rowans.

"Birds must have carried berries from those trees and dropped the seeds into the hollow, for little mountain ashes are growing right enough," he went on.

He carefully lifted out a number and gave these to the man who told the story, and by him they were carefully potted to become sturdy little plants in the two months that have since elapsed.

But they are not rowans. They are little hawthorns, which makes their birth and development all the more romantic. There are no hawthorns within hundreds of yards of the old poplar. But that birds brought the seeds from which they rose is clear.

The berries were carried from afar, by thrushes or blackbirds, and dropped into the only tree of its kind so stricken as to be fit to receive them. There they must have lain at least two years before life could burst out of the hard shell enclosing it. They germinated amid the seeds of death.

Nature's Wonderful Way

The old tree dies of its wounds, but in dying it affords a seed-bed for these new life forms. Each of these tiny hawthorns, if reared to maturity, may bear abundant blossom. Millions of berries might in time arise from these plants.

This is a fascinating example of the astounding ways in which Nature distributes her children. In such ways the jays and other birds established our forests of noble oaks, and the squirrels covered great areas with exquisite beeches. We know theoretically that such things happen; here in the failing poplar we have a new proof.

THE OLD WATCHMAN

Paris May See Him Again

PROBABLE REVIVAL OF AN OLD CUSTOM

By Our Paris Correspondent

Everything comes round and round again in this world. They are now thinking of having a mounted watch in Paris. It reminds us of the city's ancient watch, so dear to the Parisians, the famous watch headed by a knight always in search of a girl to marry.

The story of the watch is a very old one; it dates back to the sixth century, when Paris was a city of some 40 acres. There was no Notre Dame then, and no Panthéon. There were no six-floor houses, but little mansions which seemed easy to guard. The king lived in a palace erected by the Romans 500 years before, and it was the only great building in the little town.

King Clotaire the Second was the first to start a watch, and he decided that the citizens should act as watchmen in the night. However, as some of them would rather spend the night in bed than in the open, the city did not improve in safety, and when Charles the Great came to reign he was obliged to fine the neglectful watchmen.

The organisation of the watch was strengthened a hundred years later. Burgesses and workmen had to share officially in the patrol by turns. They must assure the security of their quarters by running up at the first alarm, and must bring help when fires broke out.

The Knight of the Watch

Unhappily, they were not always the stronger party when disturbances arose. Students, page-boys, young lords, and dandies found pleasure in annoying them. So the insufficiency of the civil watch compelled the king to create a military watch of 60 men under the orders of a knight.

The knight of the watch played an important part. He rode through the town in splendid attire, and was allowed to enter the king's apartments at any time. From the king he received direct orders every day. These honours made many envy those who held the post.

Paris developed very much between the twelfth and the sixteenth centuries and the troops of the knight increased accordingly, so that in 1580 the knight commanded as many as 250 men. And yet there were as many murders, thefts, and brawls in the streets as before!

The new mounted watch may certainly not be so picturesque as the knight of old, but we may hope he will be more effective in maintaining order.

A DWARF ELEPHANT

From Africa to America

An American correspondent tells us of the recent arrival at New York of a second dwarf elephant, an extremely rare species known under the name of *Loxodon pumilio*.

The first elephant of the kind had arrived at the New York Zoo in 1905, but it soon died, and was preserved in the collection of the museum.

The newcomer is a female about two and a half years old. It measures hardly three feet in height, but is plump and strong, and the little creature looks happy to be alive in spite of the weakness of a crippled leg.

The dwarf elephant, supposed for a long time to be a myth, really exists, and the only two specimens ever known have come from West Africa.

GROWING UP

Eight sons and daughters of the late Mr. William Smith, of Gunning, New South Wales, have now reached the combined ages of 656 years, an average of 82. The oldest is Mrs. Storrier, of Mummell, who is 91, and the youngest Mrs. Starr, of Sydney, who is 72.

MR. KAMBA SIMANGO

AFRICAN BOY'S FINE STORY

From America to Africa to
Serve His Own People

HOW MISSIONARY WORK BUILDS UP CIVILISATION

By Our Missionary Correspondent

A little while ago, in the heart of Derbyshire, a number of keen and happy people met to think about the world and how the races can be brought together at the feet of their one Master and Friend.

British and Americans, with Chinese and Japanese, were there. But there were two, a husband and wife named Simango, whose faces showed that they belonged to the dark African peoples. They took their part in these talks, and everyone listened to them with admiration and affection.

Mr. Kamba Simango was born in Portuguese East Africa. The Portuguese have had a long and splendid history, but they do not treat the native peoples kindly or justly. There were no schools for the dark children when Kamba was a boy. The first printing he saw was on a pack of playing cards that had come into his village. He studied these cards. He learned to see the difference between the cards with two spots and those with four, and in this way he taught himself the numbers from one to ten.

Boy Who Used His Eyes

This knowledge surprised the people of his village, and they thought him very wonderful. And so he was. Their encouragement made him want to learn more; so he went to Beira, a sea-port, to work.

An American missionary there was trying to teach boys—this was about 17 years ago—but the Portuguese waylaid and flogged his pupils, or made up charges against them. However, Kamba became a house-boy in the missionary's home. There he used his eyes. He saw this missionary and his wife coming to live in a place where there were fevers and other dangers for the sake of helping the black boys. The missionary and his wife seemed different from others he had known, and he began to think hard.

The American missionary, however, had to go back to his home to fetch help for his black friends. But he told them before he left that among their tribe, the Ndau tribe, there was a mission over the border, in Rhodesia, where the British flag was flying, and there they might find schooling.

A Long Journey

Simango, with a friend, went 250 miles, hiding by day and walking by night, till he reached the land of hope across the border.

There new prospects came to him, and, working hard, he earned enough to cross to America and to study in that wonderful school Hampton Institute, in Virginia. Booker Washington, the great Negro leader, had been there before him, and Washington became his ideal.

Then Simango took a course of carpentry, earning his living all the time. Afterward he went to Columbia University, New York, where he took his degree. Now he is going back to teach African boys; and to serve his own people in various helpful ways.

Making Good Africans

He does not want to make them learn all the things that Western boys learn. He wants them to remain true to all that was good and beautiful in their own lives. They must be good Africans, not poor imitations of Europeans.

Mrs. Simango began her education in Sierra Leone, and came first to this country and then to America to study how the friends of the black people are seeking to help the women as well as the men to make the most of their lives.

Now Mr. and Mrs. Simango, with all their knowledge and love of their people, are going back to Africa. They will do a great work.

MUSIC REVOLUTION

ITS CONQUEST OF MANKIND

Science Helps to Carry a
Wondrous Gift to All

SWEET SOUNDS EVERYWHERE

Is it not delightful to think of the revolution that is taking place in the world of music? Science and music were once thought to be things apart, but it is science that is filling the world with music now. The new issue of My Magazine has an article on the subject; here we may also look at it for a moment.

We must leave the birds to Nature; but science is taking in hand the people to whom music has hitherto been a thing apart from common life. It is bringing music into tens of thousands of homes where music was never known before.

A great uplifting agency is at work, quietly effecting a reform, adding art and charm and culture to grey lives previously denied the comfort of song and orchestra, of opera and oratorio, and all the delights which musical people alone have been wont to enjoy.

A Romantic Fact

It began with the crazy old phonograph and developed with the gramophone; it continued, along new lines, with mechanical piano-players, and, the way having been prepared, the kingdom has been finally possessed by wireless.

A sweet voice trembles in the receiver of a wireless plant in London, and lo, like magic, it is heard instantly off the coast of Africa, throughout Europe, down a coal-mine in Wales, and in the homes of myriads of people in London and the towns and villages of the provinces.

Mankind has never before witnessed anything so wonderful and romantic as this. Listeners keeping company with the midnight oil may sit in a London drawing-room and hear melodies sounding across the Atlantic from far America; while at the same time Marconi, in his yacht off the coast of Morocco, picks up the splendours of vocal and orchestral music from the Opera at Covent Garden.

The Lovely in Life

Whosoever will may hear music today. There has always been music for us at a price and at a cost in labour of getting to theatre and concert hall. Now it comes to us, more certainly than the postman, fresher than the morning milk. People are being taught that there is something pleasant and lovely in life of which they did not know, and they can appreciate and delight in that which formerly had no more meaning to them than the language the ancient Phoenicians spoke.

Music is the one universal language which scholar and savage may understand. It requires no interpretation. We like it or we do not like it.

Critics may write and experts may lecture, but they cannot make music more or less to us than it actually is to the ear and heart. If there is the capacity for music in us, there is nothing to be added to the music itself.

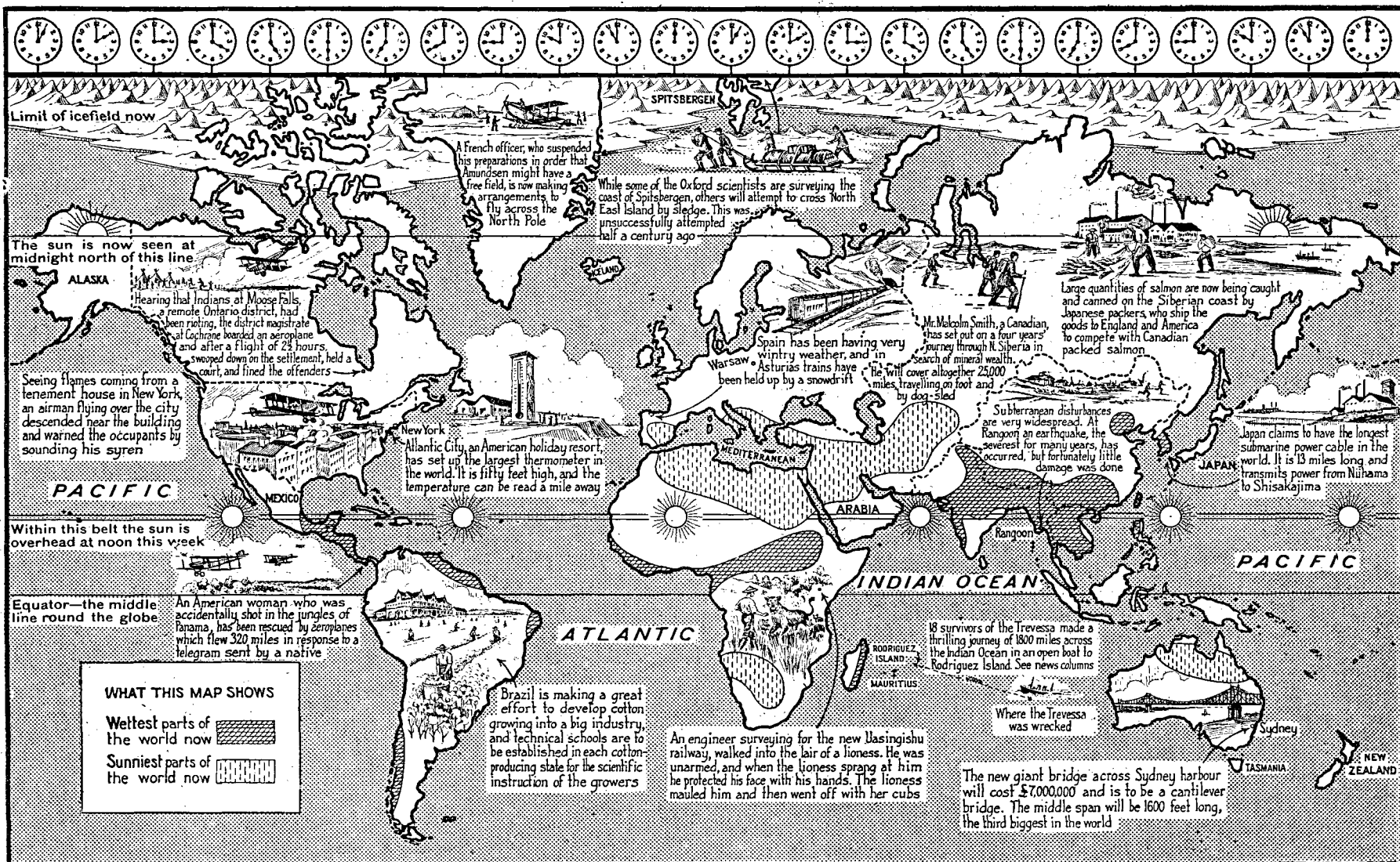
Change in Public Taste

A notable effect is that a change is coming over the public taste. Not long ago the man in the street got his songs from the music-hall, and poor, wretched things they were. But now a workman with a gramophone, and his children with their wireless sets, find that good music is best. It is astonishing to note how the beauties of opera and oratorio and of first-class orchestral music spread throughout the land.

Instead of vulgar things, one hears a snatch of Gilbert and Sullivan; of Mozart, of Wagner, Elgar, Tchaikovsky, and the rest, on the lips of children or whistled by working men.

Science, mechanism, machinery, have done these wonders in our lifetime, and music has made a greater advance in ten years than in the ten thousand that preceded this marvellous age of ours.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



FORLORN PALESTINE

Attitude of the Arabs
THE NEED OF A WISE LEADER

The visit of Sir Herbert Samuel to London to consult the Government respecting Palestine, which he is ruling as High Commissioner representing Great Britain, has called attention once more to the state of chaos in that ancient land.

The Arabs of Palestine are boycotting the Government as it exists. They will not accept the large share in the ruling of the country that is offered to them by the British.

In taking up this position they are separating themselves from the rest of the Arab world. In the country beyond the Jordan, in Arabia, and in Mesopotamia the Arabs have accepted the guidance of Great Britain in leading them by steps onward to full self-government, with the hope of a full union at last of the Arab world. But the Arabs in Palestine, in their suspicion of the Jewish minority in that land, are forgetting the larger outlook of the Arab race.

Their refusal to cooperate in the suggested government for Palestine is of no advantage to themselves, and it breaks up Arab concord throughout the East. Evidently they lack a leader who has sound knowledge and a wide view of the future of the Arab race.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Dürer	Du-rer
Hawaiian	Hah-wi-yan
Mauritius	Maw-rish-e-us
Milan	Mil-lan
Pribiloff	Pre-be-lof
Rodriguez	Ro-dre-gess
Selenium	Se-le-ne-um
Tchaikowsky	Chi-kot-ske
Wagner	Vahg-ner

RUSSIA

Friendlier Relations with 120 Million People

After a long period of argument and objection Russia has come to a welcome agreement with Great Britain on a number of points in dispute, and it seems quite possible that friendlier trade arrangements may develop in the future.

Some obvious wrongs committed on British subjects have been righted, and the spirit of the communications between the countries has changed from suspicion into comparative friendliness.

The government the Russian people choose to have, or allow to exist, is no business of ours; but it is folly to be at loggerheads with 120 millions of the human race, whose cooperation in business we need, and who need what we can provide for them. It seems as if antagonism between Russia and Great Britain were wearing out and may presently be replaced by a trial of friendly interchange in trade.

BRAIN BEHIND AN ENGINE

A Living Man's Statue

It is not often that a statue is erected to anyone during his lifetime, but that has happened to Mr. Henry Royce, the chief engineer of the Rolls Royce Company, and the world will agree that it is well deserved.

Mr. Royce is a worker in the material on which the world's business most largely depends—the steel that contains and applies the working power of our machinery. He was almost entirely self-educated.

The finest engines that run on our roads and wing our flying craft through the air have been made from his designs. It has been his aim to attain the safety that comes with perfect working, and it has been calculated that his engines have averaged 24,000 miles of flight for every descent they have been forced to make. Such a record of soundness in design and workmanship deserves a statue.

AUSTRALIA AND FRANCE
Out of the Mouths of Children Comes Wisdom

One of the most happily planned of the many good deeds that have followed in the train of cruel war is the gift to French children of a fine school by the children of Victoria.

The Australian soldiers showed wonderful valour in France, and one of the places where they distinguished themselves most and suffered terribly was Villers-Bretonneux, on the Somme. The town itself was laid in ruins. Now it is being rebuilt, and 4000 out of its 6000 inhabitants are back again in it.

The school children of Victoria have set themselves the task of rebuilding the school for the French children of the town where so many brave Victorians lie in French soil, and they have collected £24,000 for the purpose.

The foundation-stone of the school has been laid by the wife of the Victorian Agent-General in London, and on the same day the school children of the new Villers-Bretonneux laid a wreath on the Australian burial ground in their midst, a lovely example of sympathy between distant peoples, and a rebuke to national jealousy among the grown-ups.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

The Scapegoat, by Holman Hunt	£4830
The Last Muster, by Herkomer	£2940
A rare Hawaiian 2-cent stamp	£1557
Irish silver-gilt toilet service	£1150
Two logs of Capt. Cook's officers	£560
Queen Anne upholstered chair	£420
Louis XVI oblong card table	£315
17th-century Flemish tapestry	£252
A U.S.A. Civil War stamp	£228
24 letters by Dickens	£202
George Eliot's notes for novels	£201
A Victoria Cross and a sword	£80
A letter by Thackeray	£80
An engraving by Dürer	£62
A Henry VIII spoon	£60

THE RIDER IN A WHEEL
Italian Policeman's Odd Idea
THE NEW MOTOR-CYCLE

Many engineers have interested themselves in the idea of a motor-cycle with one wheel, and some have made it a sort of success; but who would guess that the only practical machine of the kind has been built by an Italian policeman?

He is Davide Cislighi, who was shown riding in his wheel in the C.N. last January.

In the course of his duties in the streets of Milan Cislighi had often watched the acrobatic feats of certain cyclists, who amused themselves by rearing up their machines and riding on their back wheels with apparent ease. "Then why bother with a second wheel?" thought he.

All his leisure, all his savings, all his resources, were sacrificed to the solution of the problem. His inventive mind, his tenacity, his perseverance, at last conquered all difficulties. The one-wheel motor-cycle was born. It was first tested in the streets of Milan, to the great excitement of the citizens, amazed at the sight of a policeman riding at 18 miles an hour comfortably seated inside a big wheel turning all round him.

The wheel of the mono-cycle is five feet in diameter, and the driver sits inside it, his seat being near the ground. In front of him is the motor, with its petrol tank and so forth. The balance, as in an ordinary bicycle, is given by a simple incline of the driver's body, now to the right, now to the left; and when the machine is still, or moving slowly, the balance is obtained by two small wheels which drop to the ground.

As to the general mechanism, it is easy to grasp it by recalling the squirrel in its rolling cage or the convict at the wheel in olden times. The principle is the same, and, though one might think that the driver is going to be dragged in the rolling of the wheel, he never is.

Whether the one wheel will be useful remains to be seen, but it is interesting.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JULY 14 1923

Our Glory

THERE has been a wonderful conference on the south-eastern edge of Austria, where 900 men of nearly fifty nations met to talk about boys.

"All through the long alphabet, from Arabia at the beginning to Yugo-Slavia at the end," the nations were there, and it seems a great and hopeful thing. Yet Mr. Basil Mathews, who was there, sounds a note which startles us, for he speaks of the *rumbling volcano of national antagonisms* that could not be hid even there.

They would have utterly disheartened him, says Mr. Mathews, but for one thing, which was even more striking than these menacing hatreds, the *moral authority of the English-speaking peoples*.

These nations, so perilously placed, so conscious of danger, so anxious to avert calamity, "seize with a tremendous and poignant eagerness the cool, assured, sturdy, confident leadership of the American and British peoples." We are regarded as the one great rock in the swirl of those European waters.

The knowledge of this fact should awaken in us a keen and vital sense of our responsibility. How is it that we occupy this position in Europe? How is it that all the troubled and suffering nations look up for world leadership to those who speak the tongue of Shakespeare?

The answer must be that we have done little beyond inheriting the situation wrought for us by our forefathers. We are the heirs of heroes. Our power was won for us in years gone by. Our glory was won by men and women who faced death rather than endure slavery, who followed truth into the wilderness when others were content to lie down with falsehood.

It lies with our English-speaking race to save Europe from its misery and madness, and if we are to save it we must live as our ancestors lived. It is useless for us to scatter among these perishing nations our dwindling inheritance. We ourselves must be the creators of moral wealth. We ourselves must use the moral capital bequeathed to us by our forefathers to increase the moral idealism of the world. In all our schools and colleges there should be a passionate longing for power to fit us to be servants of mankind.

Do not let us forget that throughout our vast empire the real influence of England is wielded not by viceroy and governor, but by the missionary, the trader, the doctor, and the humble civil servant whose whole life is devoted to the welfare of the people under his care. This is our greatest glory, that we inspire trust among nations; and this is our greatest duty, to see that we are worthy of our name.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Robin the Optimist

MOST of our fathers remember the familiar initials F. C. G., which stand for one of the fairest and most telling cartoonists of the political days now gone.

We delight to think that the dark days that have come upon the world since he was delighting men with his cartoons have not made F. C. G. a pessimist, for we notice a verse in a book he has just published which suggests that he shares the cheery optimism of our little garden mate Robin: The Nightingale sings till his mating's done,

And then he flies away;
The Skylark sings to the summer sun,
The Thrush to the dawn of day,
The Blackcap sings in the leafy lane,
But Robin Redbreast sings in the Rain.

Thank you, F. C. G. Let us all be Robin Redbreasts, singing in the rain.

History Answers Jeremiah

Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Jeremiah

THERE is a wonderful story of Abyssinia in the July number of Outward Bound, where Major Darley tells it in simple and stirring words.

Under its late ruler Menelik, Abyssinia flourished. He laid out metalled roads and a railway from the coast, installed the telephone, built bridges and corn mills, introduced a bank, a school, and a hospital, and brought in doctors and teachers. During the reign of Menelik a child could drive a cow from one end of the country to the other without molestation.

But Menelik died, and Barbarism returned; and now slavery of the worst sort is rampant in his land. The horrors of this slavery pass all description, and no one seems to care. No nation is free enough to interfere. Murder is lord of Abyssinia.

Thus easily may Civilisation revert to savagery, not in the darkest places of the Earth, but in the fairest. Abyssinia is the glorious country known as the Empire of Ethiopia.

There is a warning even for us all in the tale of Abyssinia. How long, O Europe, how long?

The Vice-Consul's Step-Ladder

ONE of the latest items of news across the Atlantic is that the American Vice-Consul at Fort William, in Canada, has got his step-ladder back.

It seems interesting, and on looking into it we find that the Vice-Consul advertised in a local paper warning persons who removed a step-ladder from outside his house that their names were known, and that drastic measures would be taken unless the ladder was returned.

Three step-ladders were secretly left at his house the next night!

It seems an excellent idea. We hereby announce that the names of those persons who have not yet paid their debts to us are known . . .

A Man's Fifty Years

MR. WILLIAM RIGBY, who began work somewhere near Wigan when he was nine years old, and was paid nine halfpennies for a day of twelve hours, has just celebrated his golden wedding. In these fifty years he has hewn thousands of tons of coal out of the earth, and has preached ten thousand sermons and conducted over a hundred weddings—a record of energy and good living that may be commended to the generation Mr. Rigby has lived into! We hope all his sermons were good ones, that all his collections were big ones, and that all his brides and bridegrooms lived happily ever after.

Tip-Cat

SEVEN thousand pints of beer have been thrown overboard in New York Harbour. It seems a pity to pollute the sea.

If we were all good, writes a philosopher, there would be no interest in life. We should all be living on principle.

A CONNOISSEUR declares there are portraits he can't live with. He has probably got hold of speaking likenesses beginning to shout.

SOME learn how to wait for an opportunity. Others learn how to do it for a living. THE gentleman who noticed that we receive pretty much what we give should explain how some who give nothing have got so much.

SHOPPING is said to bore most boys. It makes awful holes in their pockets.

A CELEBRITY complains that there is no protection against photographers. He should ask a kinema company to screen him.

The London Street Scandal

THE scandal of the breaking-up of London streets goes on like a game of marbles.

A busy suburban street that was up a year ago has just been up again for weeks; one of the busiest streets in the City which was up about a year ago is being broken up again as this is written. In many parts of London it is very much quicker to walk than to take a cab.

Has the suffering of the people of London not now reached the limits of patient endurance? Perhaps those who callously break up our streets do not think it a tragedy, but if it is a joke it is surely the most pitiful joke ever made at the expense of a much too patient people.

Why Time Flies

By a Scientific Correspondent

WHY is it that on a train journey the time often seems so long? Why is it that days of joy fly so fast? Why is it that old people say the years go faster as they grow older?

Some of the answers to these questions which all of us have asked are found in a very serious magazine, the Journal of Psychology.

The writer has made timed experiments on a number of people to see how they estimated the flight of time: in trains, in entertainments they were enjoying or in lectures they were not enjoying, when they were comfortable and when they were in pain.

Sadness and Gladness

Most of us would say time went quicker in hours or minutes of pleasure, but that is not the right answer. We are as likely to underestimate the time a pain endures, if it is not too violent, as the time a pleasure lasts.

What does make the difference is the number and variety of thoughts and impressions we receive in the time. If we have a great number the time seems long; if we have a very few the time seems short.

Thus, when we are very joyful we think of nothing but the one thing making us happy, and the time seems shorter than it is.

But why sometimes the time seems so long in periods of anxiety is, not that we are thinking of one thing only, but that we are imagining all the various disasters that may happen, and all the ways they might take us, hundreds of them. And we are fidgety and do things.

The Variety of Youth

If you go for a holiday and do the same thing every day, fishing, or boating, or playing tennis, the holiday flies. If you go abroad and see all sorts of different things and places, a new one every day or oftener, then the holiday seems longer.

In youth all sorts of strange and wonderful things happen. In age few things happen that seem of any importance.

If you ask anyone which is the longer period—from the first invasion of the Romans to the Norman Conquest, or from the Conquest till now, they will usually give the wrong answer. From the Conquest till now seems longer because more things have happened.

Rise, Hope of the Ages

BLOW, bugles of battle, the marches of Peace;
East, west, north, south, let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of goodwill to man!

Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun;
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
All speech flows to music, all hearts beat as one.

WHITTIER

July 14, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

7

CIVILISATION FACED WITH BARBARISM

TERRIBLE BUSINESS OF GOVERNING THE WORLD

A Story of Life as It is in a Backward Land

IN DARKEST RHODESIA

By Our Political Correspondent

The story of an appalling instance of the cruelty of superstition in backward lands has come from Rhodesia, and it is one of wide importance because it shows the terrible difficulties that have to be grappled with wherever civilisation and Christianity meet barbarism face to face.

The British Empire, spread over the world, meets in many places races of people who are slaves to the gross superstitions and cruelties that have ruled in men's hearts from long ago, and the question of suppressing these superstitions cannot be shirked. It is a part of the mission of our race that it shall uproot cruelty wherever it is found.

Land of the Tsetse Fly

We found, for example, a country like India, supposed to have an old civilisation, allowing the burning of widows and the drowning of little children till we put an end to it. We found parts of South Africa where burning alive is still believed in, if it can be done without the white man hearing of it.

The scene of the latest outrage on the humane feelings that Christianity and civilisation bring is the part of Southern Rhodesia which adjoins the Portuguese territory of Mozambique. There a certain Mashona tribe has branches in the Portuguese area and also in Rhodesia. It is a district made almost inaccessible by the tsetse fly, and so it is not under the close supervision which would otherwise be possible.

The Rain Delayed

Rumours of human sacrifices by fire in this region have been current, but no proofs could be secured. Now, however, three sacrifices are admitted by the chief concerned, the last burning being of a man sacrificed to the god who is supposed to control the rain. This case occurred under the following circumstances:

Rain had been long delayed, the crops were being destroyed under a scorching sun, and starvation appeared to be approaching. The belief of the tribe is that when this occurs the rain god must be angry, and some person must have given him great offence. Who could that be? Suspicion fixed on the second son of the Chief Chigango, and, according to the religious traditions of the tribe, the only remedy was to burn alive the guilty person, and so appease the anger of the god.

Father and Son

Manduza, the chief's son, was, according to the evidence, entirely innocent of all offence. Yet his father, Chigango, ordered the son's death according to ancient custom. As the men of the tribe could not be trusted to carry out the revolting practice Chigango arranged his plan in a roundabout way.

He sent to his Paramount Chief, Chiswiti, for an escort of 70 men, and ordered a headman to do the burning with four native "police boys," under the guardianship of the 70 men from the Paramount Chief.

A wood fire was prepared, Manduza was bound and carried in the night to the place of sacrifice by the four police boys and placed on the pyre. More wood was heaped on him, and there he was burned till only ashes and a heap of bones remained. The headman, Chiriseri, objected to what was done, saying: "We are under the white people's rule now." But Chigango silenced his scruples

THE EARTH'S HIDDEN OCEAN

WHENEVER a great volcano like Etna or Vesuvius comes into action people begin to ask what makes these eruptions, and, though none can give a conclusive answer, it chances that a very interesting one was supplied beforehand by Professor Joly, the geologist, and appears in the latest Philosophical Magazine.

He has long shown that deep in the crust of the Earth are rocks with radium in them, which, owing to the radium's power, are always slowly getting hotter. In time they get hot enough to melt.

Consequently, perhaps about 60 or 70 miles down, there is beneath all the continents and all the watery oceans

another ocean of melted rock, mostly basalt and rocks like it, on which the continents float like rafts.

That is why, as the mountain ranges prove, the continents are always slowly rising or falling.

Once in many million years, when a great portion of the rocky ocean under the continents is melted, there is a great and awful splash.

But more often there are only little splashes, when a sort of pocket of this melted basalt wells up or comes into contact with subterranean waters, and then we get eruptions of Etna or earthquakes, or both.

THE GENIUS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS



Two hundred years have gone next week since Sir Joshua Reynolds was born near Plymouth. Here we give one of the pictures which have made him immortal for all time. It is Master Crewe dressed as Henry the Eighth, posed after the famous portrait by Holbein, which was burned in a fire in Whitehall

Continued from the previous column

by saying: "I burned Mgurakoko and Manyondi and the white people have not heard; and they will not hear of this."

But they did hear of it, for another son of the old chief, fearing that he might be the next victim if the rain did not come, made his way to the nearest station of the white police and reported what had happened. A police patrol at once set out and rounded up eighty men concerned in the sacrifice, including the Paramount Chief who provided the escort, the guilty father, Chigango, and the compliant headman, Chiriseri, who superintended the ceremony. All were brought to trial. The Paramount Chief was found not guilty and discharged, and the others were sentenced to death, with a recommendation to mercy.

Unfortunately, rain fell immediately after the human sacrifice, so that the superstitious natives believed the burning had been successful, and when the rain continued so long that it actually

endangered the crops, they attributed this to the anger of the god because the white men had interfered with the ancient sacrifice to him.

It is a horrible story, but it should be known throughout a governing nation like our own. It shows how the ancient ideas of vengeful gods, delighting in cruel sacrifices, still reign in the minds of primitive races as they reigned thousands of years ago; but it shows that even in the most out-of-the-way regions some glimmering of the grossness of this wrong idea of divine government is penetrating.

It will help us all to think sympathetically of the difficulties that exist here ancient cruelty and true humanity clash, as they must clash, along the borderlands of British rule. And it will show, also, that the spread of British rule, with the lofty principles of Christianity and the kindly laws of civilisation, is not a work of ambition or greed, but brings in its train salvation from cruelty and tyranny and superstition.

PLAY AT HIGH-TIDE

TENNIS, CRICKET, AND ROWING IN FULL SWING

Dr. Open-Air and His Oxygen Diet

PROPER PLACE OF PASTIMES

With the excitement of the Wimbledon tennis fortnight still fresh in the mind, with golf tournaments up and down the kingdom, with county cricket exceptionally exciting and appealing, with bowls claiming more and more attention from lovers of quiet skill, and with Henley, Cowes, and other regattas stimulating our oarsmen and yachtsmen to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm, we are at the flood tide of the season's athletics.

All is as it should be if we take our pleasures and recreations with discretion and commonsense restraint, remembering that they are relaxations from the more serious aspects of existence, and not our principal occupation. Reasonable pursuit of outdoor occupations is a response to Nature's demand that our bodies should have their due measure of sunlight and oxygen.

Driving Worry Away

A man who has been worried by lingering ill health affecting nerves and blood consulted a specialist the other day, and was told, in addition to certain homely things about diet, "Live as much as possible in the open air. Play, romp, by any means get exercise. The diet will supply certain properties in which your blood is now deficient; the exercise will drive the worry of work out of your brain and at the same time gradually reconstitute your blood and restore the nerves to order and tranquillity. At present you are being self-poisoned by your nerves."

The man who gave that advice would be glad to have it gratuitously accepted by thousands of people of all ages whose sedentary lives render them easy prey to the tyranny of nerves. But change of occupation is his ideal, the change from the intellectual to the physical.

Making Work a Pleasure

The headmaster of Malvern College, Mr. F. S. Preston, has recently spoken most wisely upon this matter. Rightly, he says that education in this country is the envy of the whole civilised world. It owes its richness to its infinite variety.

Naturally games have an important status in our splendid system, and he, ardent as his young students about pastimes, at the same time tells them that school life is their opportunity for mental enrichment as well as for physical development.

"Boys must learn to make a pleasure of work and not a business of pleasure," he says, and he adds this necessary warning: "It would be fatal if the rising generation grew up to swell the ranks of amateur professionals. Games should be played as games and not as a life occupation."

Playing for Sport

That is a word in season. It is lamentable to see an athlete who has taken a good degree at Oxford or Cambridge, settle down as a teacher of games or a member of a county cricket team.

Such men are successful in their limited rôle while youth lasts; but this wanes, and two-thirds of life have to be faced without a career, often in poverty, physical force abated, the mind less cultivated than it should be. Every grown-up knows many sad stories of bright and brilliant promise frittered away in this manner.

He derives the greatest enduring happiness who plays, not for gain, but sport, and that only in turn with serious application to honourable occupation.

A NEW WONDER OF THE WORLD

THE VALLEY OF TEN THOUSAND SMOKES

America's Gigantic Volcanic Eruption

SQUEEZING WATER OUT OF PUMICE-STONE

Away in Alaska, far removed from the haunts of men, and unseen and unexplored except by a little group of American scientists, is one of the most thrilling natural wonders of the world.

It is the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes, a great area fifty square miles in extent which is broken up by hundreds of thousands of openings and vents, through which pour out incessantly hot gases from the fiery, molten material that lies deep down in the earth below.

The region has been discovered only in recent years, and it became known through a gigantic eruption of Mount Katmai, the Alaskan volcano, which poured out ashes and dust that fell all over North-Western America. That was in June 1912, and for a long time it was not known where the ashes came from or what mountain had been in eruption. Katmai was unknown at that time.

Dust Goes Round the World

Everyone in the United States felt the effects of the eruption, for the summer of 1912 was exceptionally cold and damp, which the scientists attribute to the interception of so much sunlight by the dust from the volcano. This dust travelled round the world.

The American National Geographic Society decided to send an expedition to Alaska to investigate matters; and the results have just been published.

It appears that for some time a suffocating blanket of incandescent sand burst through vents in the floor of the valley, and then there was a terrific explosion that blew off the top of the volcano, at least two cubic miles of material being hurled into the air; and, as the scientific investigators say, its present whereabouts is a mystery.

New Kind of Gas Stove

The valley became perforated with fumaroles, or vents, and round these are incrustations of great beauty and many colours. Masses of yellow sulphur mingle with bright-red ash and blue-and-white siliceous matter, to give a brilliant rainbow effect.

The fumaroles pour out hot gas and steam of very high temperatures. In some of them lead and zinc can be melted, and aluminium vessels placed in the gases pouring out of them became soft. One vent was found to have a temperature of nearly 1200 degrees Fahrenheit. It is interesting, by way of comparison, to note that some of the lava of Etna was recently ascertained by Italian scientists to have a temperature of over 1800 degrees Fahrenheit.

The party of explorers harnessed some of these holes for use, and cooked their meals over them as over gas stoves.

Eruption with No Casualties

The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes is unique. To compare it with anything at all analogous we must go back to geologic times. In the size of the vents and the quantity of smoke given off the valley is far beyond any other volcanic district on Earth. Explorers tell us that the sum total of the emanations from all the other volcanoes of the American continent, from the Aleutian Islands in the north to Patagonia in the south, except during rare periods of dangerous eruption, is less than is given off within the radius of one's vision from the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes.

Drinking water was obtained by the explorers by squeezing it out of pumice.

Strangely enough, when the great eruption took place no one was killed, but the fact is that no people, natives or white men, live near the volcano.

S.O.S. OF THE SEALS

LITTLE HERDS GROW LARGE AGAIN

The Great Good Wrought by a League of Nations

WHAT THERE IS BEHIND A SEALSKIN COAT

There is good news from the North Pacific. Fur seals are increasing in numbers. So they should; they ought to number millions, as once they did. But twelve years ago they were fast nearing extinction at the hands of merciless hunters.

They have been saved by the act of a humane league of nations formed before the idea of such an organisation for world politics took shape.

Fur seals thrive in astonishing numbers, but their coats were sought for commerce; and with a blind brutality almost incredible they were hunted and butchered on land and sea with such heartless persistence that in 1911 the nations interested in the trade called a halt before it was too late.

The homes of these animals are few in number—the Pribiloff Islands of Alaska, belonging to the United States, the Bering Islands belonging to Russia, and the Robben Islands owned by Japan. There, when the seals came ashore to make their nurseries, they could be slaughtered. That was bad enough, but the paramount mischief occurred in the sea.

Saving the Seals

Mother seals going toward the islands in order that their babies might be born, were slain in thousands. Mother seals leaving the land to swim out to sea for food before returning to feed their babies, were slain there, so that the young on shore were doomed, like the parents, to death.

Statistics showed that for every 25,000 seals taken each year in this way a loss of 75,000 was represented.

So Great Britain, America, Russia, and Japan got together and entered into a solemn treaty, to last until June, 1926, to the effect that Japan and ourselves should cease the pursuit of fur seals, and leave the matter to America and Russia, who in turn would give the animals the freedom of the seas, kill only a certain number on land, where sex and suitability can be determined, and then, as the price of our agreement, hand us and Japan 15 per cent. of their yearly haul.

Herds Gradually Increasing

In spite of the war, that scrap of paper has been honoured. An expedition has been sent out from the Smithsonian Institution of America to the island rookeries, and comes back to report that the seals on the Pribiloff Islands are increasing to such an extent that the herds will again reach their old-time size.

Bering Island facts are discouraging: there are only 2000 seals there now in place of 30,000 some years ago. But on Robben Islands there is a gratifying increase. So we may consider the fur seals as assuredly saved as the grand bison of North America.

But seal-hunting is a loathsome trade, carried on so that women may have sealskin coats. Fashion is still, it must be feared, a stronger motive power with many of us than civilisation or humanity.

FROM TRISTAN DA CUNHA

From the distant, lonely island of Tristan da Cunha the Editor has a letter from Mrs. Susan Glass wondering if any C.N. reader would send a blanket for her "very pretty girl and her dear little baby boy," who is starting to walk.

KEEPING UP AN OLD CUSTOM

HOW AND WHEN TO SALUTE

Chief Scout Explains Why the Hand is Raised

THE CROSS ON THE QUARTER-DECK

By Sir Robert Baden-Powell

Saluting is an old custom, and, like a good many old customs, the origin and meaning of it are not always remembered.

In the old days in England the freemen were allowed to carry weapons, and when one met another each would hold up his right hand to show that he had no weapon in it and that they met as friends. So, also, when an armed man met a defenceless person or a lady.

Slaves or serfs were not allowed to carry weapons, and so had to slink past the freemen without making a sign. Today people do not carry weapons, but those who would have been entitled to do so, such as knights, esquires, and men-at-arms, still go through the form of saluting each other by holding up their hand to their cap, or even taking it off when they meet a lady.

So that when a man told me the other day that he was an Englishman and just as good as anybody else, and would never raise a finger to salute his betters, and so on, he had got hold of quite the wrong idea about saluting.

A Privilege to Salute

A salute is a sign between men of standing. It is a privilege to be able to salute anyone.

"Wasters" are not entitled to salute and should slink by, as they generally do, without taking notice of the freemen or wage-earners.

To salute shows that you are the right sort of fellow, and mean well to others; there is nothing slavish about it.

In the Scout and Guide Movements we have our own special salute, consisting of the three fingers held up (like the three points of a Scout's badge), which reminds a boy of the three points of his Scout's Promise:

1. To do his duty to God and the King.
2. To help other people at all times.
3. To obey the Scout Law.

A Scout will always salute a brother Scout on meeting him with the half salute. He always salutes an officer, that is, his Patrol Leader, or a Scoutmaster, or any commissioned officer of the Army or Navy, with the full salute.

In the Old Days

Everyone who goes on to the quarter-deck of a man-of-war brings his hand to the salute as he does so. The reason why is not known by every seaman, though it ought to be.

If you ask a sailor he will generally tell you that it is to salute the flag, that is, the ensign which flies over the taffrail. But that is not the real reason.

In the old days it was usual to have a crucifix or an image of Christ or the Virgin Mary on the mizzen mast of every ship, and the men always saluted or crossed themselves when they passed it. So it became the custom to salute when they came to that part of the ship even when the images had ceased to be there.

Nowadays there is not even a mizzen mast there, but still we salute when we come on to the quarter-deck.

A TAME SEAGULL

A Yorkshire reader, referring to a seagull having been kept in a tame state, says that her family had one in their garden for twenty-one years. They then moved to the sea, and it escaped and was never heard of again.

It was extremely tame till it was seventeen years old, and then it became bad-tempered and fierce.

TEEMING BIRD LIFE OF THE COUNTRY

The Welcome Hum of Summer in July

MAGIC WONDER OF A BUTTERFLY

By Our Country Correspondent

In July the country becomes a nursery for very small animals and there is everywhere the welcome hum of summer.

Some animals began to multiply months ago: young rabbits, young rats, young mice. Indeed, almost any time that a stack is threshed the threshers find overflowing nests of rats and mice. But now is the time when the Earth teems with young birds. They are everywhere, easily seen and studied.

If we stir up a brood of young moorhens, they will put their little heads under the water, and the light little bodies of fluff, which they think are well under water, will slip across the surface in the oddest way.

Mothers and Children

The young robins, with breasts speckled like a thrush's and still some down feathers left sticking out from the grown feathers, will let us catch them, while the mother scolds at the top of her voice within a few yards. On the road we may occasionally find a brood of a dozen or more young partridges all astray in the gutter; and if we lift them into the field and stay still, we may see the old birds come and shepherd them down the corridors of the wheat.

The young swallows, unlike many young birds, return to the nest after their first flights, and look absurdly too big for it. Tits will be ready to fly from the nesting boxes in the garden. We can make almost certain of having families of tits in the boxes if we make the hole small enough. Any round hole at all bigger than a penny will admit the sparrows for which any site is good enough; but the tits must have a small hole and a darkish room inside.

Caterpillars and Their Plants

No creatures are quite so faithful to one place as butterflies or moths. To find particular specimens we almost have to go to such famous spots as the New Forest, or Monks Wood in Huntingdonshire, or Wicken Fen, which is now protected in order that the great swallowtail or the vanished large copper may have a chance of flourishing again.

The reason why they cling to particular places is that the caterpillar, or grub, can only prosper on one special plant; and that may be a rare one. Some like nettles, some cabbages, some privet, some wild carrot. For this reason every garden is the better for a wild, rough piece where the butterflies may lay their eggs, and the wonderful change from caterpillar, or grub, or larva, to pupa, or chrysalis, and at last to bright-winged fly, may take place happily on one of these July days.

Flowers and Insects

We may travel throughout all countries in the world, and study all the marvels of science, but we shall never see a sight rarer or of more magic wonder than the coming of the bright wings out of the dull, lifeless case.

Out in the garden on a July evening we shall notice that the night flowers are both white and sweet-scented. There is good reason in this. The flowers need the visit of moths to carry the pollen from flower to flower, and so to set the seed. So those flowers that bloom at night which have flourished and multiplied are the ones that are most easy to see and most easy to smell.

It is a happy thing that, as a rule, men and insects like the same scents. Flies, and some gnats and midges and beetles, like unpleasant smells. But, on the whole, the bright colours and sweet scents which most please the moths and butterflies and bees please us who plant them in our gardens.

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

WARSAW

THE HARASSED CAPITAL OF POLAND

One of the movements in Eastern Europe that may have a good deal of meaning has been the recent visit of the Royal Family of Rumania to Warsaw. Poland is a republic, Rumania a kingdom, but the two are drawing closer together in friendliness. Why?

Europe is governed at the present moment by fear. All nations that might be attacked by powerful neighbours live under the fear of war. There is not a single State bordering on Russia that does not fear her, and they number seven. Each of the seven is inclined to make mutual agreements, whereby, if they were attacked, they might expect friends to come to their help.

Conquering Powers

So Rumania, believing that Russia envies her the possession of her province of Bessarabia, establishes friendly relationships with Poland, who believes that Russia would like nothing better than to return to Warsaw, where she long reigned as a conquering Power. And other countries who are neighbours to big Russia are no doubt in the understanding, for they naturally wonder why she still keeps up a great army though nobody thinks of attacking her.

If war is being feared in some vague future, Warsaw is a very suitable place for thinking about it, for scarcely any city in the world has been more harassed by war than this modern capital of Poland. Warsaw, in her time, has been taken by Swedes, Russians, Austrians, French, and Germans, and by several of these nations she has been taken more than once.

A Centre of Industry

The reason for it is that Warsaw occupies a remarkably central position between the chief cities of Eastern Europe. Standing on the River Vistula, she is in water communication with large areas of different countries whose rivers join the Vistula; also, she has six railways branching off from stations. Wherever you are going in the northern part of Eastern Europe you are sure to travel to Warsaw.

It has been so for a long period. The city is quite old. Probably its first citadel was built a thousand years ago. A century ago it was regarded as impregnable. But modern guns have made it useless as a defence. It is too near the city to keep off any invaders.

It was convenience of trade that brought the railways to Warsaw. It is a natural centre for industry. Its 930,000 inhabitants—as many as live in Birmingham since it was extended—are busy with iron and steel manufactures, and extensive woollen goods manufacture, boots and shoes, and hosiery, while the corn and leather trades are important.

Fine Public Buildings

Warsaw, too, is a centre for more than material productions. It is a handsome town outside its poorer quarters, with many fine public buildings and attractive public gardens. Its university has 7000 students and one of the largest public libraries in Europe. About a third of its people are Jews, in whose hands most of the business management is to be found.

Originally it was made the capital of Poland to settle a dispute. Poland and Lithuania united four hundred years ago. Cracow was then the capital of Poland, and Vilna the capital of Lithuania, and the question arose which should be the capital of the States when they united. To prevent jealousy Warsaw, then the capital of a little duchy called Mazovia, was chosen. Its position as capital is now assured by its prosperous trade and central position.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all questions sent in.

How Long Does a Pigeon Live?

About twenty years, and in exceptional cases a few years longer.

How Does a Cuckoo Lift Her Eggs Without Breaking Them?

She has been seen carrying the eggs in her beak.

How Can Wildflower Specimens be Kept Moist till Home is reached?

They should be placed in a tin box in which is a quantity of moist moss.

In What Direction Would a Compass at the North Pole Point?

It would point to the magnetic north pole, which is some distance from the geographical north pole.

Did King John Sign Magna Charta?

No. When we say he signed it we merely mean he ratified or gave his formal adherence to it. King John could not write, and therefore he could not sign the document; but his seal was probably affixed to it.

Can Glass be Spun into Fine Thread Like Cotton?

Yes; it is drawn out when in a plastic state, and the Venetians are particularly skilful at producing it as fine and glossy as silkworm's silk. They plait it and make ties.

Do Earthworms Have Eyes?

They have no eyes or other organs to which a definite sense can be attached. There are only particular cells of the epidermis which are sensitive to touch and to the influence of light.

Why Do We Hear the Sea in a Shell Held to the Ear?

We do not, unless we are near the seashore. What the shell does is to pick up various sounds so slight that we do not hear them at all without the shell, and the confused murmuring sounds like the sea.

What is the Decimal System?

The method which we have of counting by tens—that is, the place value of a figure indicates its relation on the scale of ten as in the number 222, which represents two hundreds, two tens, and two units.

Are There Tyres of Sorbo Rubber?

The Sorbo Rubber-Sponge Products Limited inform us that they are now making bicycle tyres of Sorbo rubber, and that they are also producing a Sorbo sponge tube to fit Ford vehicles.

Who Made the First Watch?

Small portable clocks were in existence in Germany in the fifteenth century, but they were too large for the pocket. The inventor of the first actual watch was Peter Hole, a clockmaker of Nuremberg, who devised the mainspring about 1500.

Why Can We See Through Glass?

A material is transparent because the molecules in it are so arranged as to let the light pass through. Sometimes, as in frosted glass, the light is allowed to pass through, but, owing to the arrangement of the molecules, the rays are so bent and twisted that we see nothing clearly. Such a substance is said to be translucent.

On What Should a Freshwater Tortoise be Fed?

The smaller ones will feed on little worms, bluebottles, and the fry of fish; while larger ones require, in addition, such food as frogs and mice. They can often be induced to eat bread and other vegetable food for a time. They should be fed regularly and sparingly.

Why Do We Blow Our Hands to Make Them Warm and Tea to Make it Cold?

Both acts are logical. In the first case we blow with our warm breath to supply the heat, and in the second case we blow away the hot air over the teacup so that cooler air may flow in and take up more of the heat of the tea.

How Many Young Does a Rabbit Have in a Year?

It varies very much, but they breed from four to eight times a year, and may have three to eight young at a birth. A tame rabbit has been known to have 58 young in a year, and it has been calculated that if all her young lived and multiplied at the normal rate one mother rabbit might, in four years, have 1,274,840 descendants.

Is it True that the Top of a Wheel Travels Faster than the Bottom?

Yes; and, what is more strange, it is a fact that when an express train is travelling northward at sixty miles an hour every wheel has a part of its flange-rim travelling southward at ten miles an hour. The explanation is too long and technical to give here, but may be read in Dr. W. Hampson's "Paradoxes of Nature and Science," which could probably be seen at any public library.

How Long Does Rain Take to Fall from the Sky?

It depends on the height of the clouds and the distance the rain has to fall.

What is the Bundle a Wolf Spider Carries in Late Summer?

This is the circular bag of eggs, which is attached firmly to its spinnerets and carried about with it everywhere.

How Many New Claws Could a Crab or Lobster Grow?

They could grow several one after the other, but the number would probably vary in the different species and in different individuals.

What is the Cause of Stammering?

It is due to a nervous condition, often emphasised by various physical defects, such as enlarged tonsils. For its cure a doctor should be consulted.

What is Soapstone?

It is a variety of talc, and is known to mineralogists as steatite. Extensive beds of it are quarried in the United States, but the best qualities come from North Italy.

What is the Average Population per Square Mile of the Earth?

The land area of the Earth is given as 57,255,000 square miles, and the population is estimated at 1,747,000,000, so that the average per square mile is 30.5.

What Bird Lays a Grey Egg in a Small Horsehair Nest?

The lesser whitethroat builds a deep cup-like nest of rootlets intertwined with cobwebs and lined with horsehair, and lays four or five dull white eggs spotted with slate or purplish grey.

Who was Mrs. Siddons?

A very brilliant and distinguished actress born at Brecon in 1755. Her first appearance in London was not very successful, but after six years' acting in the provinces she returned to London and at once became the unrivalled queen of the stage.

How is Sulphuretted Hydrogen Made in a Laboratory?

By allowing dilute hydrochloric or sulphuric acid to act upon ferrous sulphide in an apparatus known as Kipp's apparatus. It is also made by heating melted paraffin wax with sulphur.

When was Money First Made?

In the sense of coinage, Lord Avebury says we may accept the statement of Herodotus that the Lydians were the first of all nations we know of that introduced the art of coining gold and silver. The earliest known coins were made about 700 B.C.

Why is a Piebald Pony So Called?

Piebald is made up of two words, pie and bald. The pie is short for magpie, and bald is an old-fashioned word for streaked. A piebald pony, therefore, is one streaked like a magpie; that is, of various colours in patches.

How Has the Diameter of the Earth Been Ascertained?

The circumference of the Earth can be arrived at by measuring one degree by means of trigonometry and then calculating from this the measurement of the whole circumference. Having obtained that, another calculation gives the diameter.

Where and When was the First Coal Mine Sunk?

No one can say. Coal seems to have been known and used by the Saxons, and some even think by the Britons; but this may have been obtained from surface workings. Henry III granted a licence for digging coal near Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1234.

Why Have Silver Coins Milled Edges?

This was done in the old days so that it might be seen at once if any silver had been cut from the edge, a practice that was often indulged in by dishonest persons. The milling is still continued with silver and gold coins, but coins of baser metal are not milled, as it is not worth anyone's while to clip them.

What Does T.N.T. Mean?

These letters are an abbreviation of the word trinitrotoluene, one of the most important of all the high explosives. It was first prepared by Wilbrand in 1863. The Germans adopted it as the standard military explosive in 1902, and during the Great War enormous quantities were used by all the combatants.

How Do Newspapers Print Their Photographs?

The photograph, taken with an ordinary camera, is again photographed through a screen which breaks the picture up into dots, and it is then printed on metal. The metal is then placed in a bath of acid, which eats away between the dots, leaving them sufficiently raised to print an impression with ink. Light and shade are made by the less or greater size of the dots.

A VERY WONDERFUL STAR

WHY IT VARIES IN BRIGHTNESS

Oval Suns that Rush Round at Terrific Speed

GIANT GLOBES OF FIRE

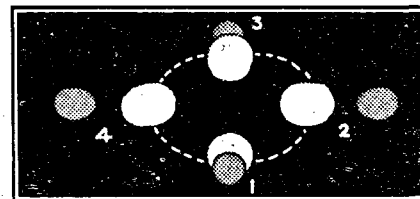
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

On three evenings of next week the south-west sky will be of more than usual interest.

On Thursday, Saturn may be observed a little to the left of the crescent Moon, between six and eight times the Moon's width away; while on the Saturday evening following, our satellite will pass above the lustrous Jupiter at about the same distance away.

Let us direct our gaze once more to the charming little constellation of Lyra, now almost overhead of an evening. A star map of this region appeared in the C.N. for June 30, where it will be seen that to the south of Vega are two moderately bright stars, Beta and Gamma in Lyra. Beta is of far the greater interest, and one of the most wonderful stars known.

It has peculiar variations in brilliance, which until recently were one of the



How the two stars of Beta in Lyra change their relative positions, producing changes in light

greatest mysteries to astronomers. Varying continually between about third and fourth magnitude, this star goes through a complete cycle, with great regularity, in 12 days 21 hours and 47 minutes. During this time Beta has two periods of maximum brilliance and two of minimum, but one minimum is far less faint than the other, and so we have a very strange oscillation of light to explain.

Star Gives Up Its Secret

After over a century's study of this star, much mathematical calculation, and spectroscopic research, Beta has at last given up its secret, and our map illustrates it.

Beta in Lyra is composed of two immense suns, one much larger and about nine times brighter than the other. Their surfaces are very close together for such colossal bodies; it has been calculated that but fifteen million miles separate them.

These suns revolve at terrific speed to complete a revolution in just under thirteen days, the smaller one going round in a larger ellipse than the greater and more luminous sun, which, in its turn, revolves in a smaller ellipse. They are great gaseous globes, at least thousands of times the size of our Sun, and far hotter.

Helium enters largely into their composition, and after this hydrogen, at least in the outer envelope, which is all that we see.

One Sun Eclipses Another

Now, the cause of the regular variability in their light is this. Their proximity to each other causes a terrific tidal pull, which distorts them into an oval, or egg shape. Twice in each revolution, at intervals of between six and seven days, one partly eclipses the other. When the smaller and less bright one partly eclipses the other, as at 1 in the map, we see Beta at its faintest minimum; but when the brighter one partly hides the fainter and smaller sun, as at 3, we get the less faint minimum.

The two maxima occur when the two suns are presented to us apart, as at 2 and 4 in the diagram, when, of course, we get the most light. G. F. M.

THE HEIR OF A HUNDRED KINGS

The Strange Adventures
of a Schoolboy in Africa

: : Told by
Herbert Strang

CHAPTER 34 Suleiman's Story

ROGER had no opportunity at that moment for further conversation with the old interpreter. The high priest ordered him to be taken back to his room. He was escorted there by two strange priests. The door was locked upon him; once more he was alone.

But he felt more cheerful. It was clear that sentence of death was not to be carried out at once. Perhaps the delay would give his uncles time to find him.

At midday food was brought to him by the attendants. After his meal he had just lain down on his couch when the old man came in.

"I'm jolly glad to see you!" cried Roger, springing up. "Is there any news?"

The old man told him that the priests were puzzled to know how to act. They had a great respect for law. It was the law that intruders should be condemned to death; it was also the law that the sentence must be confirmed by the king. Now that there was no king the priests had sent a messenger many miles up the valley to consult a very aged seer, who was learned in the laws and customs of the land of Kush.

"But why is there no king?" Roger asked.

"The late king was the last of his line. There is none to follow him."

"Won't they choose one of their chief men?"

"It has never been done. The priests and the people believe that their god Amen-ra will give them a sign. For that sign they wait."

"I say, you are a stranger. Tell me how you came here, and why they spared your life. What is your name?"

"My name is Suleiman," said the old man.

He went on to relate his story. Many years before he had been a soldier in the Egyptian army, and had served in the Sudan against the Dervishes. The detachment in which he was a trooper, while reconnoitring towards Kassala, had been surprised and cut to pieces. So far as he knew he was the only man to escape.

Fleeing before his enemies, he had been driven eastward towards the Abyssinian mountains. He outstripped his pursuers, but when his horse was worn out he had fallen in with a small party of Basé conducting a prisoner.

The Basé attacked him, but being armed only with spears they were no match for his rifle. He disposed of two or three, drove off the rest, and rescued their prisoner.

For some days the two lost men wandered in the desert, and at last, when they were so worn with hunger and fatigue that they could scarcely crawl, they stumbled into the pass through which Roger had entered the land of Kush.

Suleiman was seized. It was only then that he discovered that his companion was a native of the country and a priest.

"But why was he outside his own borders?" asked Roger instantly. "I should have thought that if they let nobody in they would let nobody out."

"So, indeed, it is, except for one man," Suleiman replied. "That man is next in rank to the high priest. He goes out secretly from time to time, to learn whether danger threatens. The man I saved was this trusted servant of the people of Kush."

"Ah! I see!" said Roger. "They spared your life because you had saved his, but they would never let you go again. And what became of him?"

"He lay for a long time sick; the Basé had dealt grievously with him. But he grew whole again,

and still goes out and in. Yet he was never perfectly whole, for the Basé had cut off one of his ears."

"And is he lame also?" cried Roger, in excitement.

"He is not lame," answered Suleiman, with a look of surprise. "But I must not talk of him. His doings are secret. I have already said too much."

A sound of music came through the lattice window.

"See!" continued Suleiman, looking out with Roger. "It is Hoteb, the old seer. He comes to give his counsel. He will decide your fate."

CHAPTER 35 The Seer of Kush

A PROCESSION was defiling slowly along.

It was led by two youths in white garments, playing on long reed pipes. Behind them came a group of boys, lightly clad, chanting a strange tune which, ugly as it sounded to Roger's ears, was solemn and impressive.

Then followed four priests bearing on their shoulders a sort of litter. Each end of the two poles was shaped like a leopard's head.

Reclining in the litter was the oldest man Roger had ever seen. His thin, ivory-coloured face was hardly visible amid the long white hair that fell like a mane over his shoulders, and the immense white beard that spread low upon his breast.

He moved his right hand feebly, as if blessing the silent crowd that lined the road. As he passed the people prostrated themselves to the ground.

Behind the litter marched a small band of priests, some waving fans of ostrich feathers, others swinging censers. The procession closed with four warriors wearing helmets and carrying axes upon their shoulders.

The music ceased. The litter-bearers halted at the temple gate and lowered their burden gently to the ground. Then two of the temple attendants came forth, assisted the old soothsayer to rise, and, leaning heavily upon their supporting arms, he passed, with tottering footsteps, through the gate.

"I will go and come again," said Suleiman. "Be of good courage."

Impressed by the strange scene he had witnessed, Roger stood at the window. His heart was thumping. What would his fate be?

It seemed that hours passed before there was any sign of what was happening. People went up and down; on either side of the great gate stood an axeman, motionless. The litter-bearers waited at the entrance.

At last Roger saw Suleiman, whom he regarded as a friend, hastening from a little side gate.

"What is it to be?" he asked, as the old man entered.

"Who can tell?" said Suleiman. "Allah is great. Hoteb was already on his way to the temple when the high priest's messengers met him. He had seen visions: he came to tell the people to make ready for some great happening. Long has he talked with the priests. And now I am bid to tell you that he comes to see you, alone, with no other present than myself, because he would have speech with you. See! He comes!"

Out through the temple gate came the venerable figure between his supporters. They laid him upon the litter; the bearers raised it slowly, and moved with careful steps towards the entrance of the building where Roger waited.

"He comes," repeated Suleiman. "It is right that you should offer him some gift in token of respect."

"But I have nothing—nothing of

any value," said Roger, fumbling in his pockets.

There was his penknife, a cartridge, a bootlace, a pencil, his electric torch—ah! the golden bead he had picked up. His uncle had bidden him keep it carefully; but surely he would forgive him for parting with it in such an emergency as the present.

"Will this do?" he asked Suleiman.

"It will please the wise man. Bow yourself to the ground when you offer it. Lo! Hoteb is here."

CHAPTER 36 The Golden Bead

THE door had been left open. The frail old figure was borne into the room and set upon Roger's couch. His bearers retired; Suleiman locked the door behind them.

Roger felt a thrill of awe as he gazed into the old man's face. The skin was almost transparent; his eyes had the dim, faded, far-away look of one who lives a life of meditation. Yet they seemed to search him through and through.

Hoteb spoke; his voice was thin, like the rustle of reeds.

"Peace, my son," Suleiman interpreted.

Roger was a little embarrassed. Not finding a suitable word, he simply bowed. Then began a slow conversation, of question and answer, every sentence laboriously translated by Suleiman.

"Whence comes the stranger?"

"I come from Cairo."

"What does he seek?"

"A valley."

"And why?"

"Because there the land is fertile and will yield great crops."

"Is there no other reason?"

"Yes," Roger paused a moment: how should he describe his uncle the Doctor? He went on: "The wise man with whom I came seeks an ancient kingdom."

"Have you found the valley?"

Hoteb's eyes lit up as he asked the question.

"Yes; so I believe."

"Is there a foe?"

"What is the old man driving at?" thought Roger. "Does he know something, or has he really second sight?"

"There is," he answered.

"And what is he?"

"A man with one ear."

Hoteb slightly raised himself.

"Is there a friend?" he asked.

"He certainly knows something," thought Roger. "There is a friend," he said.

"And what manner of man is he?"

"A man with one arm."

The aged seer dropped back on the couch. A smile of happiness shone upon his face. He raised his trembling hands as though render-

ing thanks to an unseen power, then turned his eyes upon Roger.

"Give him your offering," said Suleiman.

Roger stepped forward and held up the golden bead. The old man seized it with extraordinary eagerness. His hands shook as he turned it over, and when he saw the marks upon it he burst into a fervent cry.

"It is he! It is he! The gods have spoken. I am aged, and my knees are feeble, or I would bow myself to the ground. Come, my lord; come with me to the temple of Amen-ra, and there will I proclaim the good news."

Utterly mystified, Roger looked on in silence while the old man was supported to the door and again placed upon his litter. A crowd had gathered, drawn by the report that Hoteb, their venerable soothsayer, was closeted with the stranger. They fell back as the litter was borne through them, and flocked behind Roger as he slowly followed.

At the temple gate Hoteb ordered his bearers to halt, and sent Suleiman within with a message to the high priest. In a few minutes that functionary came forth, attended by the lesser priests, the musicians, and the choristers.

Hoteb had himself lifted from the litter, and stood in the centre of the gateway, supported by a priest on either side. He beckoned Roger to place himself in front of him, facing the people. The others grouped themselves behind.

The old man raised his hand. A deep hush fell on all the assembly. Then, in a clear, strong voice, unlike the murmur in which he had addressed Roger, Hoteb spoke:

"The days of our mourning are ended. The gods have had pity upon our afflictions. Here before you, O people of Kush, stands the lord for whom we have pined. I proclaim unto you your king, Sanka-ra. Fall down upon your knees and do obeisance."

Roger understood nothing of this, Suleiman was not at hand to interpret. To his unbounded amazement the crowd in front of him prostrated themselves to the ground. Behind him the pipers and lyrists from the temple struck up a jubilant strain. The choristers burst into song.

He looked around. The high priest was frowning. The others were glancing at one another with questioning bewilderment. One or two of them appeared to be pleased.

The old man raised his hand again. The music came to an end.

"Rise, O people of Kush; stand upon your feet and hail your king."

The people sprang up and rent the air with a frenzied shout that woke a hundred echoes from the hills around. From every part of the valley men, women, and children rushed to swell the crowd. Soon the whole wide space in front of the temple was packed with a laughing, shouting throng.

Presently, from a large building near by issued a company of warriors, armed with axes, swords, and bows and arrows. They forced a way through the crowd and stood at attention before the gate.

Hoteb gave an order. Four of the soldiers hurried away and disappeared. After some minutes they were seen returning, bearing upon their shoulders a litter of richly embroidered cloth, upon poles of polished wood inlaid with ivory.

They set it down in front of Roger, and Hoteb signed to him to place himself upon it. Renewed cries broke from the crowd.

"To the palace! To the palace!" Roger hesitated, looking round helplessly for Suleiman.

"Well, I suppose I must," he said to himself.

He seated himself on the litter. The four bearers raised it. There was a moment's pause; then at a word from Hoteb the bearers moved off through the excited people.

And so Roger Blake, his head whirling with amazement, was conveyed in triumph to the palace of King Sanka-ra.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Mad Ruler

AT the time that Boadicea was fighting for freedom in Britain, a monarch sat on the throne of a distant country who had perhaps the greatest opportunity for good of any man of his time.

Succeeding to a high heri age, with almost unlimited power and wealth, he might have exercised untold influence for truth and honesty and goodness. Instead, he chose to give his life up to baseness and cruelty, and has left a reputation for being one of the worst men who ever lived.

Yet his reign started well with great promise. Adopted by the previous monarch as a son, his ambitious and evil mother so arranged matters that he was chosen to succeed to the throne; and the lad seemed as if he desired to do right, and for five years he encouraged the hopes that had been raised in the minds of those who loved right.

His education had been very carefully attended to, and he was instructed by the greatest philosopher of the day in ideas of justice and truth. These seemed to be bearing fruit. He acted with wisdom, was merciful in all his dealings, and discouraged secret informers who had been the bane of the previous reign. He was also exceedingly modest about his own attainments.

His mother, who had been ambitious to reign through him, was enraged when she found he acted for himself, and she plotted against him and raised his fears by threatening to set up a rival.

Gradually the monarch changed. He indulged in every form of wickedness, became cruel beyond all his predecessors, gathered round him the basest characters in his empire, and killed one after another of his relatives and friends and foes. Even his own mother and his wife were slain by his orders.

Nothing was too base for him, and after committing a very great crime which destroyed a great part of his capital, he threw the blame on to an inoffensive body of people and had hundreds of them put to death in the cruellest possible manner.

So amazing did his behaviour become that the only possible explanation is that he must have been insane. His philosopher-friend, who had been his teacher and guide, and a famous poet were among those who perished. The later years of his reign were spent in acting and musical contests, and he travelled about taking part in public games and, of course, winning the prizes. At last his conduct became

so outrageous that even his armed supporters were wearied, and they plotted against him. To save himself from them he took his own life when only 31 years old. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



Now Every Morning Seems to Say—God Sends Love to You

D! MERRYMAN

A FARMER going suddenly into his orchard found a boy standing under an apple tree with a fine rosy apple in his hand.

"You young scamp!" said the farmer. "What were you going to do with that apple?"

"Please, sir," answered the boy, "I was just going to put it back on the tree."

Beheaded Word

COMPLETE, I am of wide extent; behead me, and I am a step; behead me again, and I am a card; behead again, and I am a French pronoun; behead again, and I am a vowel.

What am I? *Answer next week*

WHY are twice eleven like twice ten?

Because twice eleven are twenty-two, and twice ten are twenty, too.

Do You Live in Maidstone?

IN Domesday Book the name is spelt Medwegestun, and later is given as Meddestan, which shows it has nothing to do with ton, a town or hamlet. The meaning is the rock on the Medway.

Medway was formerly spelt Medeway, and means the meadow by the deep waters.

Do You Know Me?

I'm the substance of wealth,
The foundation of power,
I'm found in all places,
From mansion to bower;
To some I prove useful,
To others a curse;
While the shades of deep sorrow
I often disperse.
In my childhood I'm rough,
But soon grow refined,
Though to menial duties
I'm often assigned.
I'm the source of great crimes,
Off of theft and of wrong;
I'm the wish of the weak
And the pride of the strong.

Answer next week

WHY should a sparrow be offended if we were to call him a pheasant?

Because he would not like to be made game of.

Not a New One

"BRIDGET," said a lady, in a sad voice, "that jug you broke this morning belonged to my great-grandmother."

"Well, I am glad," replied the girl. "I thought it might be a new jug that you had only just bought!"

WHY may it be said of two persons who have settled a dispute that they are half-witted?

Because they have an understanding between them.

Sir Pinkypoo



A GALLANT knight is Pinkypoo, And fully armed he's here on view. Behold his sword—an iris leaf! And, lest the knight should come to grief, He has for shield a toadstool plump, Made to resist a foeman's thump! What is his helmet? Truth to tell It's just a fresh-picked fairy bell. Let beetles, mice, and frogs beware Of Pinky's challenge, "Come, who dare!"

The Repaid Loan

A GENTLEMAN who had borrowed £60 from a friend paid it back in instalments. His second payment was half as much as his first, his third three-quarters as much, his fourth one-quarter as much, and his fifth two-fifths as much. It was then found that he owed £2.

How much was his first payment? *Solution next week*

The Mighty Deep

BEHOLD the wonders of the mighty deep, Where crabs and lobsters learn to creep, And little fishes learn to swim, And clumsy sailors tumble in.

WHAT is it that every living person has seen but will never see again? Yesterday.

A Gentle Reminder

THE proprietor of a garage, annoyed by the carelessness of some of his customers, put up this notice on his petrol storage tank: "Do not smoke near this tank. Your life may not be worth anything, but petrol is expensive."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

What Am I? The letter O

Alphabet and Arithmetic.

POT + APE + NAILS = PEA + YEAR =

TOP = EAR + PEN = SAIL = PENNY

Arithmetical Problem

The bankrupt owed £300

Jacko Plays Tennis

ADOLPHUS, when he set out to play tennis in dazzling white flannels, was a sight to see.

The thought came to Jacko one day that he would like to learn to play, too. There was a public tennis court where he could practise. But would Adolphus lend him a racquet and balls? He asked him.

"Certainly not! Don't you dare to touch them!" replied his brother.

All the same, one afternoon when Adolphus was safely out of the way, Jacko "borrowed" what he wanted, and set out for the courts with a schoolfellow called Harry, who had a racquet of his own.

They did not play a very brilliant game. Jacko hardly ever got a ball over the net, and, if he did, Harry couldn't send it back. But they enjoyed themselves quite well at first.

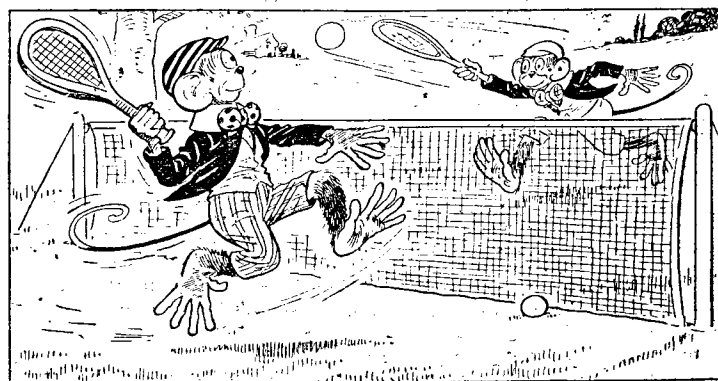
Near the court was a cottage, and presently Jacko sent a ball into its back garden. The two boys went round and knocked at the door. It was opened by a scowling old man who had a bull terrier at his side.

"Please, sir," said Jacko, "may we fetch a ball?"

"No!" bellowed the old man. "I'm sick and tired of people trampling over my garden after tennis balls! Get out of this at once, or I'll put a stick about you!"

The boys saw that he didn't get the chance.

"There's a loose board in the fence," said Harry. "We could easily get through if it weren't for the dog. I know



They did not play a very brilliant game

what! One of us must dress up and go to the front door disguised, and hold them at bay, while the other gets through the fence at the back."

Harry did the dressing up. His home was near by. He, too, did some "borrowing."

Soon a little girl in a large hat and a coat and skirt was knocking at the cottage door. When it was opened she showed a basket of odds and ends, and began to whine: "Please, sir, buy some bootlaces from a poor girl."

"I don't want anything!" growled the old man.

But the little girl put her foot on the threshold, so that he could not shut the door against her.

All at once the skirt slid down to the ground, and there was Master Harry, in his old patched trousers, as clear as daylight.

Harry, the old man, and the bull terrier went down the front garden path like a flash. But Harry had won the mile race at the sports, and, once outside, he got clear away.

But he left his sister's skirt and the contents of his mother's workbasket behind. It was he, not Jacko, who got the licking that night when he crept mournfully home.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Wonderful Building

An electrical manufacturing concern in Pennsylvania has just done a very enterprising thing.

The firm employs fifty thousand workpeople, and the management decided to give all its employees meals on the premises. Arrangements had, of course, to be made on a tremendous scale, so a four-storey building, 100 feet by 30 feet, was erected.

This building, full to overflowing with mechanical wonders, has a capacity of feeding nine thousand people per hour. The dishes are washed by a marvellous machine that cleans them at the rate of 14,000 per hour; bread is sliced, meat is cut, and potatoes are peeled all by machinery of the latest design.

Un Bâtiment Merveilleux

Une fabrique électrique de Pennsylvanie vient d'entreprendre une chose très hardie.

La maison emploie cinquante mille ouvriers, et la direction a décidé de fournir des repas à tous ses employés dans l'établissement même. On dut forcément prendre des dispositions sur une échelle formidable, aussi l'on construisit un bâtiment à quatre étages, ayant cent pieds sur trente.

Ce bâtiment comblé de merveilles mécaniques, peut nourrir neuf mille personnes par heure. La vaisselle est lavée par une machine merveilleuse qui la nettoie à raison de 14,000 pièces par heure; le pain est coupé en tranches, la viande est découpée, et les pommes de terre sont pelées, le tout par des appareils du dernier modèle.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Hay Party

WHEN the children asked if they might invite the Browne children to have tea in the hayfield, Mother nodded and said:

"Yes, if you manage it all yourselves and don't bother me while I'm making jam."

So the three children scampered off to give the invitation, which, of course, the Brownes were delighted to accept.

The next thing to be done was to make a hay house for the guests in a sunny corner of the field, a dear little place with walls all round it, a hay table, and cosy armchairs for everybody.

"We'll pack all the things in the goat cart," said Betty, "and Jessica can drive Domino down to the field while we go and pick the strawberries."

Domino was an old black-and-white nanny-goat, and Jessica's very own.

The children packed two bottles of milk, some sugar, piles of bread-and-butter, and a bag of little cakes into the cart, and off went Domino and Jessica. But no sooner had they arrived than Jessica found they had forgotten the tablecloth, so she tied up the goat and went back to fetch one.

On the way back she overtook the strawberry-pickers, and when they reached the hay-field Jack called out:

"Oh, Jess! You didn't tie up Dom properly, and she's eaten the cakes!"

She had eaten something else besides the cakes—all the bread-and-butter and the paper bags, the best arm-chair, half the table, and a slice out of the wall!

It was really too bad.

"Oh dear! We must borrow a loaf from the farm and



It was a delicious feast

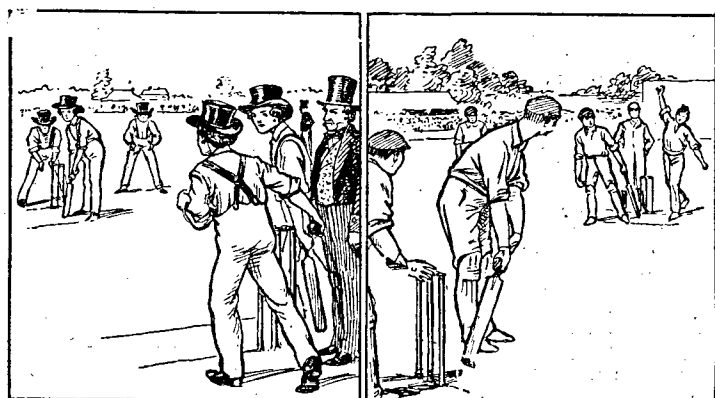
manage with sugar and strawberries, and bread and milk," sighed Betty.

The farm was just round the corner, and when the farmer's wife heard all about wicked Domino's feast she said:

"Well, we'll find something better than a loaf," and she gave them butter and a home-made loaf, a pot of honey, and a jar of thick clotted cream to eat with the strawberries. It was a delicious feast.

"Much better than our own," said Jessica, with a smile of thanks to the farmer's wife.

Then and Now



Cricket in 1823

Cricket in 1923

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

July 14, 1923

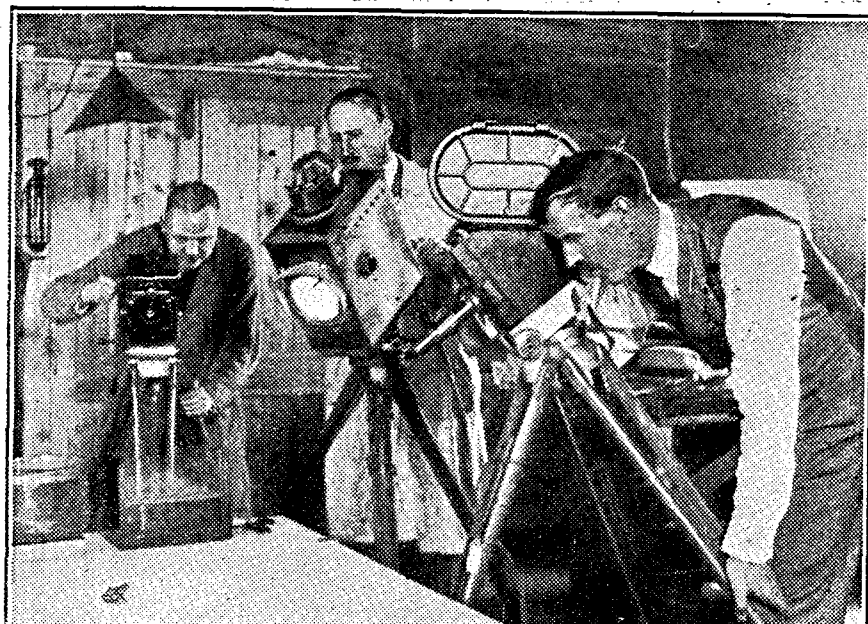
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CHEETAH'S MORNING WALK · TRAIN IN THE GARDEN · OSTRICH HIDES HIS HEAD



Young Canada Celebrates Dominion Day—Dominion Day, the anniversary of the Confederation of Canada with the other North American Provinces, was celebrated all over the Dominion again this month, and these Canadian boys spent the day in camp learning forestry



Filming a Frog at His Meal—A frog picks up a worm in the tenth of a second, and here he is being filmed at his meal by the ultra-rapid camera, so that the movements can be slowed down on the screen. The kinema is, in such cases, invaluable in showing in detail Nature's operations



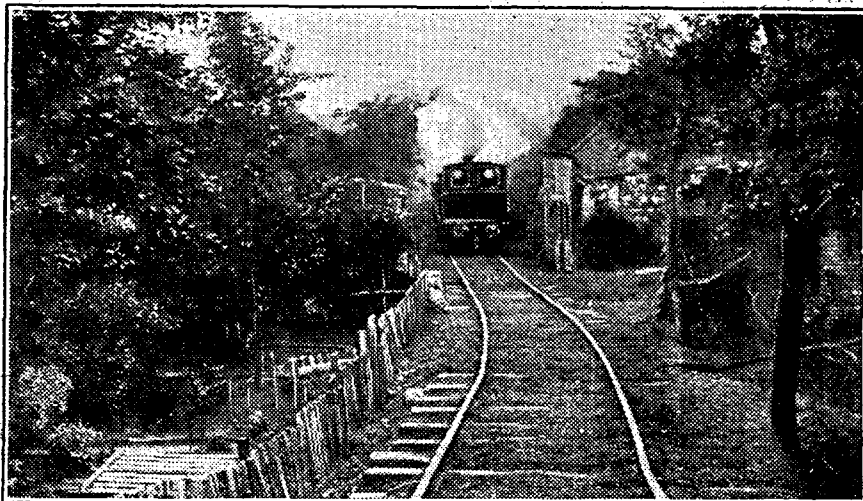
The Cheetah Goes for a Walk—This cheetah, at the London Zoo, is periodically taken for a run on a lead by its former owner, Mrs. Mortimer Hancock. It is a very well-behaved animal



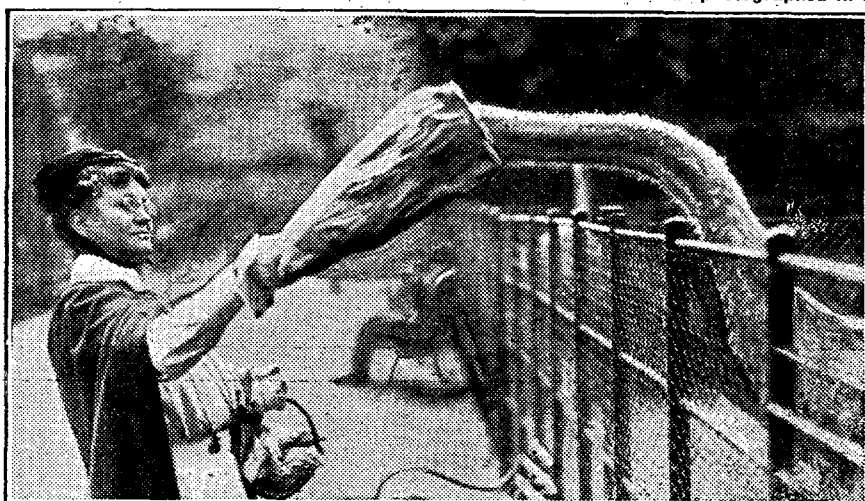
The Dog Rides Pillion—There is much discussion about the safety or otherwise of people riding pillion, but this dog seems very comfortable in his back place on a push bicycle



Edison in the First Electric Car—At an exhibition of electric vehicles in New York recently, the first electric car, made forty years ago, was shown, and Edison was photographed in it



A Railway Through the Back Garden—The making of the new Great West Road, which is being built between Brentford and Hounslow, necessitates cutting through a street of houses, and the construction train passes through the back gardens, as shown in this picture



The Ostrich Hides His Head—The ostrich is said to hide his head when danger is near, but this bird at the London Zoo has buried his head in a bag in order to find some dainty titbit which the lady visitor is offering him. His appetite was so good that he ate bag and all

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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